

THE MAGAZINE FOR RING FANS

BOXING

ILLUSTRATED



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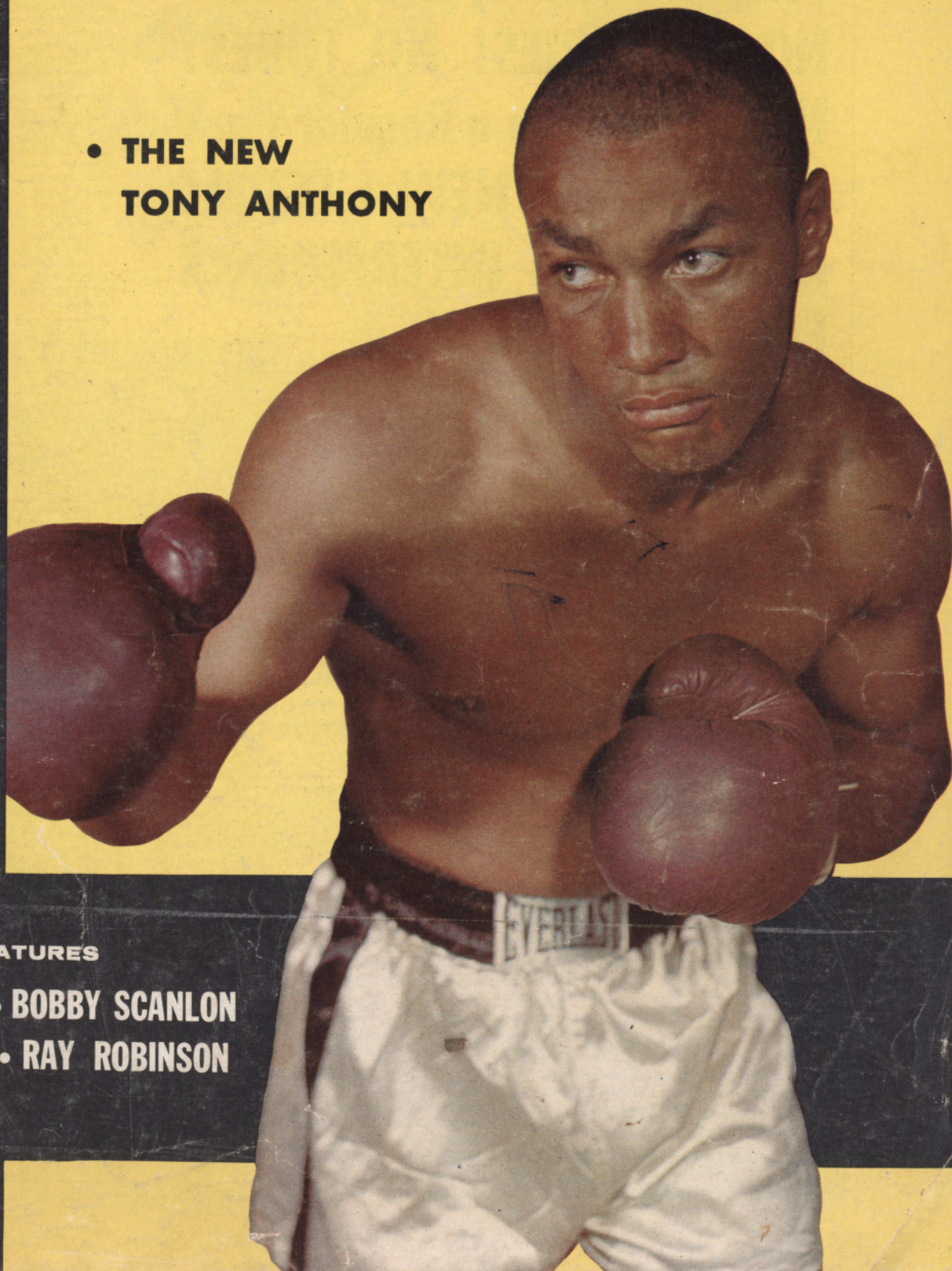
WRESTLING NEWS

•
**THE
FABULOUS
KANGAROOS**

**WRESTLING'S MOST
HATED VILLAINS**



• **THE NEW
TONY ANTHONY**



OTHER FEATURES

**FLOYD PATTERSON • BOBBY SCANLON
JOHN L. SULLIVAN • RAY ROBINSON**

AMAZING!

PORTABLE RADIO

WORKS INDEFINITELY!

Complete! Ready to Operate!
NO BATTERIES! NO TUBES!
No Longer Than a Regular Pack
of Cigarettes. NEW LIFETIME
RADIO GIVES INTERFERENCE
FREE RECEPTION!...

WILL LAST INDEFINITELY!

The Lifetime Pocket Radio comes built into a colorful, durable, shock-resistant plastic case, completely enclosed . . . no bigger than a pack of cigarettes (regular size). Easily slips into your pocket or purse. Its fine, attractive appearance rivals portable radios selling for many times the price.

FEATHERWEIGHT

Featherweight! The entire Lifetime Pocket Radio weighs so little that you'll be amazed. Just 4 ounces complete! So light, so small, so inconspicuous that you'll hardly know you have it with you. Fill in and mail the coupon today while the limited supply lasts.

HOW DOES THIS AMAZING POCKET-SIZE RADIO FUNCTION?

Scientists and electronic engineers working together, perfected and developed the special new circuits found in the Lifetime Pocket Radio. The special power source is a new-type, self-powered rectifier called a germanium diode. This, together with the specially designed ferrite loop antenna (now standard equipment on many transistor sets) and the new circuit design, receives station's signals and amplifies them through a precision hearing-aid type speaker, enabling you to listen to your favorite programs in complete privacy! Calibrated tuning dial aids in station selection.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Nothing To
Plug In

•
No Expensive,
Heavy Batteries
To Buy or
Carry Around

•
No Tubes to Burn
Out or Replace

•
OPERATES A
LIFETIME and
NEVER RUNS
DOWN!

LISTEN TO YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS!

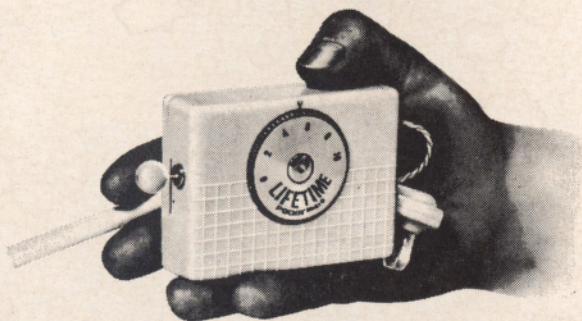
No matter where you are you can enjoy your favorite programs without bothering anyone else. Take the Lifetime Pocket Radio with you wherever you go . . . it only weighs 2 ounces and it's so convenient to carry around with you that you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. No maintenance costs whatever . . . nothing to wear out . . . nothing to replace . . . nothing additional to buy now or at any time. Why not rush your order today. Simply send the coupon below with your remittance and your Lifetime Pocket Radio will be shipped to you at once. You will be delighted beyond your wildest expectations.

LISTEN ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

Now you can tune in on radio programs without anyone else knowing that you are listening to music, sports, news, weather, etc. Order your Lifetime Pocket Radio now before the major sporting events this Spring deplete our limited supplies. A FANTASTIC IMPORTED VALUE! NOW AVAILABLE WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS, AT THE UNBELIEVABLY LOW PRICE OF JUST \$4.95! And remember, there's absolutely nothing to go out of order. The Lifetime Pocket Radio is not a toy, but a precision instrument constructed and designed for your own personal use.

Here's What You Get When You Order:

- Complete (ready to play) Lifetime Pocket Radio in attractive case, with calibrated tuning dial. Nothing to pay the postman when he delivers your radio.
- COMPLETE WITH ANTENNA FURNISHED AT NO EXTRA COST TO YOU
- Hearing Aid type speaker. Featherweight. Excellent clarity and fidelity. Inconspicuous . . . lets you listen in bed without disturbing others. Almost invisible. Order Now \$4.95.



Here's How You Can Get The Complete Lifetime Pocket Radio for just \$4.95! Yes just \$4.95 is all you pay. No Hidden Costs. Nothing to Pay Later. Nothing To Assemble. Your Lifetime Pocket Radio is ready to play the moment you remove it from the shipping carton!

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Please rush me Lifetime Pocket Radio for only \$4.95 on Money Back Guarantee.

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Send postage pre-paid . . . I save 90c postage by sending \$4.95 with order.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR RING FANS
BOXING
ILLUSTRATED

WRESTLING NEWS

**SUBSCRIBE NOW
AND DON'T MISS
A SINGLE COPY**



Only in **BOXING ILLUSTRATED — WRESTLING NEWS** will you find the kind of features that both take you behind the scenes and keep you up to date on exactly what is going on in the two ring sports. Articles by famous sports figures from all over the world and the kind of pictures that make you feel as if you are right there on the spot.

You'll visit champions and near champions — boxers and wrestlers — in their homes and in the dressing rooms, too. You'll find out what they're really like and what others in the business have to say about them.

All that — and all the unexpected, unpredictable, dramatic moments of the prizefighting and wrestling world — are yours in the issues of **BOXING ILLUSTRATED — WRESTLING NEWS** to come.

So why not start right now by letting us send you the next twelve thrill-packed issues of this new and wonderful magazine for only \$3.50. By doing so you wouldn't miss a single issue and you pocket the extra money you will save over the newsstand price of 35¢.

Your name and address on the order blank below, and your check or money order for only \$3.50 starts **BOXING ILLUSTRATED — WRESTLING NEWS** coming into your home — with the most thrilling and enjoyable reading of the month. Do it now while you are still thinking about it.

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ROYAL JELLY, the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

JENASOL introduces **DOUBLE ROYAL JELLY POTENCY**

EACH AND EVERY JENASOL CAPSULE NOW CONTAINS:

50 MGM. PURE NATURAL ROYAL JELLY IN SINGLE STRENGTH
100 MGM. PURE NATURAL ROYAL JELLY IN DOUBLE STRENGTH

AT NO INCREASE IN PRICE WHATSOEVER!

Compare The JENASOL Formula For POTENCY, PURITY, and PRICE

Leading National Magazines, Newspapers, Syndicated Columnists, Medical Journals, and Report from Medical Congress indicate the benefits of ROYAL JELLY, a "living" high energy food.

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

Jenasol RJ Formula 60 contains pure, natural Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E)

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 60 capsule daily. They combine 8 important and essential vitamins as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reinforce and healthfully strengthen your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

Effects can be felt more quickly with the double potency SUPER-STRENGTH FORMULA—but satisfactory results are MONEY BACK GUARANTEED with either formula. (The price of ROYAL JELLY has been recently quoted at \$500.00 per ounce.)

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee. At present, Doctors and Scientists from many countries in the world, say that Royal Jelly has proved to be a potent factor in matters relating to sexual virility and size and growth of animals.

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 40 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:

• "Human Dynamos" slow down amazingly • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions.

The Bost Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mammary glands of women were activated.

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 60, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60" to increase their pep and energy.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Decreased Vigor... Nervousness... Aches and Pains... Irritability.

MEDICAL RESEARCH

We have listed below some of the extensive Medical and Laboratory research that has been done with Royal Jelly:

- Many authorities still dispute the efficacy of Royal Jelly while others consider it a potential Boon to Mankind.
- Dr. de Pomiade, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 5, 1956.
- Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.
- Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner, (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)
- Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevin Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)
- Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner, (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

We make no claims for ROYAL JELLY. We have merely accumulated reports that have been made as a result of experimentation and research by Doctors, Scientists and Nutritionists in many parts of the world.

LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY: Attest that ROYAL JELLY is one of the richest Natural sources in the treatment of vitamin and nutritional deficiencies... that hogs and guinea pigs fed with Royal Jelly live 20 to 30% longer... chickens fed with Royal Jelly double their egg output.



Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.



Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

• Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.

• Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.

• Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN

Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. MCGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Borda, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

Order ROYAL JELLY with Complete Confidence

No Doctor's Prescription necessary. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense!... JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly Products... serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE

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DOCTORS: Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples

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- ☐ Send 1 Double Strength 100 Mgm. Royal Jelly 30-Day Supply \$ 7.50
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- ☐ Send 1 Single Strength 50 Mgm. Royal Jelly 120-Day Supply \$15.00
- ☐ Send 1 Double Strength 100 Mgm. Royal Jelly 120-Day Supply \$20.00

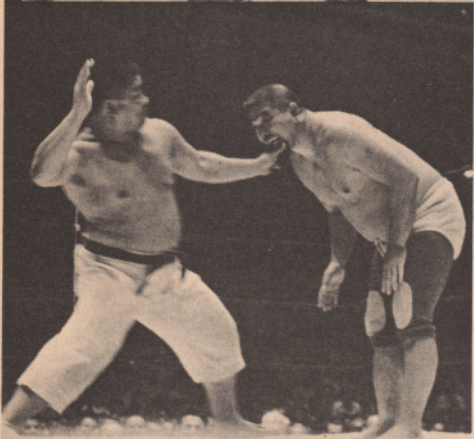
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THE MAGAZINE FOR RING FANS BOXING ILLUSTRATED

WRESTLING NEWS

THE MAGAZINE FOR RING FANS

VOLUME 1 NO. 2

DECEMBER, 1958

STANLEY WESTON Publisher

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THE RATINGS

Because the National Boxing Association is the only nationally accredited organization of elected boxing officials in this country, their monthly ratings have, for many years, been accepted almost universally as OFFICIAL. Although other individuals, including Boxing Illustrated's Eddie Borden, issue their own ratings, only the N.B.A. listings carry weight and authority. Boxing Illustrated is therefore proud to have been selected as the periodical wherein the OFFICIAL MONTHLY N.B.A. RATINGS will be published in full.

In order to afford the readers of this magazine a yardstick of comparison, Boxing Illustrated will also publish the monthly ratings of Editor-in-Chief Eddie Borden, a world famous authority on the prize ring and the man who originated boxing ratings over thirty years ago.

BY NATIONAL BOXING ASSOCIATION

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion—Floyd Patterson, New York

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Zora Folley, Arizona | 6. Roy Harris, Texas |
| 2. Eddie Machen, California | 7. Mike DeJohn, New York |
| 3. Willie Pastrano, Louisiana | 8. Alex Miteff, Argentina |
| 4. Nino Valdes, Cuba | 9. Sonny Liston, Missouri |
| 5. Ingemar Johansson, Sweden | 10. George Chuvalo, Canada |

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion—Archie Moore, California

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Harold Johnson, Pennsylvania | 6. Randy Turpin, England |
| 2. Tony Anthony, New York | 7. Jesse Bowdry, Missouri |
| 3. Yvon Durelle, Canada | 8. Mike Holt, South Africa |
| 4. Erich Schoeppner, Germany | 9. Chuck Spieser, Michigan |
| 5. Willi Hoepner, Germany | 10. Billy Ryan, Massachusetts |

MIDDLE WEIGHTS

Champion—Ray Robinson, New York

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Carmen Basilio, New York | 6. Holly Mims, Washington, DC |
| 2. Gene Fullmer, Utah | 7. Spider Webb, Illinois |
| 3. Joey Giardello, New York | 8. Gene Armstrong, New Jersey |
| 4. Charley Humez, France | 9. Rory Calhoun, New York |
| 5. Joey Giambra, California | 10. Andre Selpa, Argentina |

WELTERWEIGHTS

Champion—Virgil Akins, Missouri

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Gaspar Ortega, Mexico | 6. Gil Turner, Pennsylvania |
| 2. Vince Martinez, New Jersey | 7. Art Aragon, California |
| 3. Sugar Hart, Pennsylvania | 8. Tombstone Smith, California |
| 4. Isaac Logart, Cuba | 9. Giancarlo Garbelli, Italy |
| 5. Mickey Crawford, Michigan | 10. Billy Lynch, Connecticut |

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Champion—Joe Brown, Louisiana

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Duilio Loi, Italy | 6. Carlos Ortiz, New York |
| 2. Kenny Lane, Michigan | 7. Dave Charnley, England |
| 3. Ralph Dupas, Louisiana | 8. Paul Armstead, California |
| 4. Don Jordan, California | 9. Willie Towel, South Africa |
| 5. Johnny Busso, New York | 10. Bobby Scanlon, California |

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Champion—Hogan Kid Bassey, Nigeria

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Davey Moore, Ohio | 6. Harold Gomes, Rhode Island |
| 2. Paul Jorgensen, Texas | 7. Willie Pep, Connecticut |
| 3. Cherif Hamia, France | 8. Gracieux Lamperti, France |
| 4. Ricardo Moreno, Mexico | 9. Ike Chestnut, New York |
| 5. Flash Elorde, Philippines | 10. Jesus Santa Maria, Panama |

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Champion—Alphonse Halimi, France

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Leo Espinosa, Philippines | 6. Eugene LeCozannet, France |
| 2. Mario D'Agata, Italy | 7. Manuel Armenteros, Cuba |
| 3. Jose Toluco Lopez, Mexico | 8. Al Asuncion, Philippines |
| 4. Peter Keenan, England | 9. Willie Parker, California |
| 5. Piero Rollo, Italy | 10. Boots Monroe, California |

FLYWEIGHTS

Champion—Pascual Perez, Argentina

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Pone Kingpetch, Thailand | 6. Masaj Iwamoto, Japan |
| 2. Ramon Arias, Venezuela | 7. Dommy Ursua, Philippines |
| 3. Young Martin, Spain | 8. Carlos Miranda, Argentina |
| 4. Ramon Calatayud, Venezuela | 9. Jose Ogazon, Spain |
| 5. Sadao Yoita, Japan | 10. Dennis Adams, South Africa |

BY EDDIE BORDEN

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion—Floyd Patterson, New York

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Ingemar Johansson, Sweden | 6. Alex Miteff, Argentina |
| 2. Willie Pastrano, Louisiana | 7. Cleveland Williams, Texas |
| 3. Zora Folley, Arizona | 8. Roy Harris, Texas |
| 4. Nino Valdes, Cuba | 9. Mike De John, New York |
| 5. Sonny Liston, Missouri | 10. Eddie Machen, California |

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion—Archie Moore, California

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Tony Anthony, New York | 6. Mike Holt, South Africa |
| 2. Harold Johnson, Pennsylvania | 7. Roque Maravilla, Idaho |
| 3. Yvon Durelle, Canada | 8. Rory Calhoun, New York |
| 4. Jesse Bowdry, Missouri | 9. Don Fleeman, Texas |
| 5. Erich Schoeppner, Germany | 10. Yolande Pompey, British West In |

MIDDLE WEIGHTS

Champion—Ray Robinson, New York

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Carmen Basilio, New York | 6. Holly Mims, Washington, DC |
| 2. Gene Fullmer, Utah | 7. Gene Armstrong, New Jersey |
| 3. Spider Webb, Illinois | 8. Charley Humez, France |
| 4. Joey Giambra, California | 9. Jimmy Beecham, Florida |
| 5. Joey Giardello, New York | 10. Willie Vaughn, California |

WELTERWEIGHTS

Champion—Virgil Akins, Missouri

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Ralph Dupas, Louisiana | 6. Rudell Stitch, Kentucky |
| 2. Vince Martinez, New Jersey | 7. Isaac Logart, Cuba |
| 3. Sugar Hart, Pennsylvania | 8. Gerald Gray, British West Indies |
| 4. Gaspar Ortega, Mexico | 9. Gil Turner, Pennsylvania |
| 5. Tombstone Smith, California | 10. Bruno Visintin, Italy |

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Champion—Joe Brown, Louisiana

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Kenny Lane, Michigan | 6. Don Jordan, California |
| 2. Duilio Loi, Italy | 7. Paolo Rosi, New York |
| 3. Johnny Busso, New York | 8. Bobby Scanlon, California |
| 4. Carlos Ortiz, New York | 9. Len Matthews, Pennsylvania |
| 5. Dave Charnley, England | 10. Ludwig Lightburn, Honduras |

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Champion—Hogan Bassey, Nigeria

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Davey Moore, Ohio | 6. Ricardo Moreno, Mexico |
| 2. Paul Jorgensen, Texas | 7. Ike Chestnut, New York |
| 3. Willie Pep, Connecticut | 8. Sonny Leon, Venezuela |
| 4. Harold Gomes, Rhode Island | 9. Sergio Caprari, Italy |
| 5. Flash Elorde, Philippines | 10. Gracieux Lamperti, France |

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Champion—Alphonse Halimi, Algeria

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Raton Macias, Mexico | 6. Herman Marques, California |
| 2. Mario D'Agata, Italy | 7. Boots Monroe, California |
| 3. Jose Lopez, Mexico | 8. Joe Beccera, Mexico |
| 4. Peter Keenan, Scotland | 9. Al Asuncion, Philippines |
| 5. Leo Espinosa, Philippines | 10. Manuel Armenteros, Cuba |

FLYWEIGHTS

Champion—Pascual Perez, Argentina

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Ramon Arias, Venezuela | 6. Dom Ursua, Philippines |
| 2. Ramon Calatayud, Venezuela | 7. Dennis Adams, South Africa |
| 3. Pone Kingpetch, Thailand | 8. Jimmy Abeyta, California |
| 4. Young Martin, Spain | 9. Kid Irapuato, Mexico |
| 5. Jose Ogazon, Spain | 10. Carlos Miranda, Argentina |

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This is the most electrifying development of the past sixty years for you 130 million car owners.

Imagine! For only a few pennies you can have 24-hour a day insurance against battery failures from now on! No more stopping dead on crowded highways, in tunnels, on bridges. No more expensive tows, no more laying out \$25.00 to \$40.00 every year for new batteries! Now—even if your present battery is two years old and can't take another charge . . . you can give it more power that it had when new simply by pouring "Dyno" into each cell . . . and the instantaneous new power will never fail you . . . you can start instantly—within one second—at least 27 times . . . every day for the next 10 years! There never was a guarantee like this in automotive history! Think of what this means to you. Your new or old beat-up battery must turn over instantly 27 times a day for the life of your car . . . This is an unconditional guarantee. Only a battery additive that has been subjected to every kind of "torture test" on over 10,000 cars over a period of 5 years before it was released to the public would dare make such a guarantee! Used by industry, airlines, diesel locomotives, battery manufacturers, air conditioning plants, truck fleet owners. Ships at sea, such as the Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth use similar devices.

A NATIONAL AIRLINE RECHARGED TRUCK BATTERIES EVERY 3 DAYS—NOW 3,750 STARTS . . . EACH BATTERY GOOD FOR 10 YEARS MORE!

A National Airlines used fork-lift trucks . . . each averaged 125 starts a day on busy airfields. As a result, EACH BATTERY HAD TO BE RECHARGED EVERY THREE OR FOUR DAYS! Since "Dyno" was added, each truck has been started on an average of 3,750 times without one recharge! Result: savings of thousands of dollars, savings of man hours . . . and each battery is now good for at least 10 years more of over 100 starts a day!

Why you are forced to buy a new battery in the next 8 months if you drive your car regularly!

As you know, your battery supplies the electric current for the ignition, all your engine equipment—PLUS POWER TO CRANK YOUR ENGINE!

When you use any of the equipment (radio, heater, windshield wipers, lights, etc.) or when you leave your car stand idle, the battery discharges electric current. Two things happen:

1. Some of the active materials from the lead plates shed or fall off forming

useless "battery mud". THIS IS THE FIRST REASON YOU LOSE POWER . . .

2. Since all storage batteries contain a number of cells, each of which encloses several lead plates and separators, and since each cell is filled with water and sulphuric acid, an electrochemical action must take place in which the acid coming in contact with the lead plates makes electrical current. When the plates are partially covered with hard, inactive lead sulphate, the electrochemical action cannot take place and the battery goes dead!

How you must save with "Dyno"

1. Every time you recharge your present battery you shorten its life and you add to the cost of the battery! With "Dyno" you can stop worrying about recharging your battery . . . never shorten its life . . . never add expenses to your car overhead!

2. Every time your battery runs down, you strain the generator of your automobile. A dead battery will eventually ruin the other electrical equipment in the engine. Only with "Dyno" can you extend the life of your battery and prevent the costly damage a dead battery will cause!

3. A dead, irreparable battery may constitute expensive, sometimes damaging towing charges. You will save this costly road service immediately with "Dyno" in your present battery.

4. Your present day battery must run down regardless of the amount of use it receives. Since your battery is not a lifetime battery you will eventually have to spend \$25 to \$35 on a new battery. Only with "Dyno" in your battery can you insure against a dead battery and additional battery expenses.

5. If you depend on your car, and can't use it due to battery failure, you will run up additional expenses in transportation.



Over 30,837,000 batteries went dead in traffic in 1956!

It's a true fact—as you can easily find out. Imagine! Over thirty million cars "stopped dead" in heavy traffic . . . in the middle of bridges . . . in tunnels . . . on speed highways! Whole weekends were ruined! Families stood shivering by the roadside while the driver had to walk to put in an emergency call for a tow truck. Thousands of others had to flag down cars and taxis and offer ten dollars or more for a push! Still others were killed on highways trying to get the car started! Play safe—pour a little "Dyno" in each battery cell and you can have complete piece of mind . . . for years to come. No matter how old your battery cell is . . . you can take cross-country trips, travel over steaming deserts, plough through snow . . . leave your car standing in the rain—YET YOUR BATTERY WILL ALWAYS TURN OVER THE VERY INSTANT YOU TOUCH THE STARTER BUTTON . . . 27 times a day for the life of your car with amazing "Dyno" to safeguard you.

World famed Magazine tells the astonishing story!

Yes, a famous magazine released the exciting story of how a battery can last longer than the life of a car! It tells how the battery is every motorist's greatest headache. If left unattended, it dies. If it gets low in subzero weather, it is likely to crack. It usually has to be replaced every year-and-a-half! Yet now you can have a battery that runs up to 10 years or more! Now you can have the same lifetime power as an expensive nickel cadmium battery famous the world over . . . simply by pouring in a little "Dyno" into each cell!

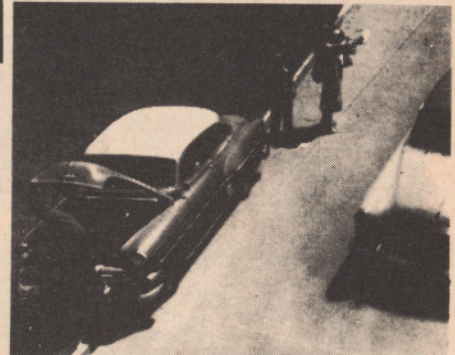
Public Service Laboratory tests with "Dyno"

PROCEDURE: A discarded Delco 6 Volt battery was used for the following tests. History of this battery indicated that it had failed in use and was unable to hold a charge.

I. We added "Dyno" and recharged battery.

II. Battery was installed on 1955 Ford. With lights and radio on and ignition off. Self starter was run until battery was so run down, lights would not function or starter turn over. After less than two minutes with lights turned off battery started car motor with a surge power regained during brief 90 second interval.

III. Battery was subjected to 40°F



below zero temperature for a continuous 24 hour period. Tests after 24 hours indicated ability to instantly start motor and operate electrical system at full efficiency. No loss of voltage occurred.

IV. Battery was subjected to an oven temperature of 160°F. No loss of electrolyte solution or power was indicated by test, and ability to perform starting and electrical functions remained at full rated efficiency.

V. After treating battery with "Dyno" and restoring power, 25% increase in light brightness was noted.

With "Dyno" in your battery you will find improvements you never expected!

1. Your headlights are 25% brighter.
2. Check your battery—will show higher terminal voltage.
3. Car starts immediately—time after time.
4. Extra reserve of power for radio, heater, etc.
5. Your battery recuperates its power faster
6. Strong enough to start in sub-normal, cold or heat.

TAKE THIS 4-SECOND BATTERY CHECK RIGHT NOW!

Open the hood of your car and look at the battery. The green or white formations you see around the anode and cathode, on the top and sides is sulphation! Sulphation means your battery is collecting mud . . . the plates are flaking and the battery is dying! UNLESS YOU ADD "DYNO" IMMEDIATELY, YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND \$25.00 to \$40.00 FOR A NEW BATTERY!

INSURED BY FAMOUS LLOYD'S OF LONDON!

Yes, the most famous insurance company on the globe —Lloyd's of London—have insured "Dyno" for products liability. It's tested and approved by the "Public Service" . . . you KNOW that if it doesn't do everything we claim . . . you get your money back now . . . next year . . . in 1960 or in 1967. No new product ever released to the public was ever backed by such testing.

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Gentlemen:
I'm sold! Send me a giant-sized bottle of "Dyno" immediately . . . enough for either a three or six cell battery! . . . and if it doesn't start instantly for at least 27 times a day for the life of my car . . . I can claim my money back. I will pay the postman just the amount checked below plus C.O.D. charges:

☐ \$2.98 ☐ 2 for \$5.00

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ SAVE 50c C.O.D. FEES, by sending \$2.98 or \$5.00, check or money order and it is understood YOU WILL PAY THE POSTAGE. Same money-back guarantee!

COVER STORY



Anthony in Harlem gym after working out for fight with Archie McBride.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF TONY ANTHONY

A murderous puncher and the world's finest boxer, 23-year old Tony Anthony should, on the basis of form, be champion of the world.

by **BILLY STEVENS**

IT never fails when Tony Anthony steps into the ring that people scratch their heads and wonder out loud "will the guy's chin hold up?" For young Anthony is probably the slickest and flashiest fighting machine in the business — an unbeatable fighter so long as he keeps his jutting jaw out of enemy range.

In Anthony's training camp and in the city gyms where he practices his flawless art certain words are strictly taboo. Words like "glass," "china," and "crockery." Words that have a double meaning in the fight business, words which denote a fighter's inability to weather a punch on the chin.

Tony's ring record, which is unbelievable in itself, is glaring evidence of both his remarkable wizardry as well as his only "soft" spot. In 41 fights, he has never lost a decision, although he has been stopped five times and held to one draw! Probably the greatest "shock" puncher in the ring today. He won 28 of his victories by knockouts and only 7 by decision.

Tony started his spectacular career by knocking out one George Boddie in the second round in Cleveland in 1952. He was a middleweight, and just 18 at the time. Then came seven more consecutive knockout victories before Tony encountered Miguel Mendivil in Johnstown, Pa. Anthony floored Mendivil three times and had won every round on every official score card when a cut was opened over his eye in the seventh. The cut wouldn't stop bleeding so the fight was halted.

Came another string of ten wins, six by knockouts, and Anthony was matched with Jacques Royer, the French middleweight champion who floored Floyd Patterson and came within an inch of knocking him out. Tony didn't go down, but the referee saw fit to halt the action.

Tony won four more, then tangled with Willie Troy at Eastern Parkway in New York. Willie was floored in the second, but popped right back up to Anthony's surprise and by the fourth round Tony was pooped. In that round Willie banged a haymaker into the middle of Tony's belly and Referee Ray Miller stopped the bout. Miller claimed later that Anthony's corner had signalled him to stop the bout, but Tony's handlers vigorously denied this. A short while later, in the summer of 1955, Anthony was cleanly knocked out for the first time in his life at the hands of Bobby Boyd. His handlers decided he no longer could make the middleweight limit and graduated him into the lightweight division.

In the fall of 1955, Anthony scored a decision victory over Lloyd Triplett, then made a clean sweep in 1956, winning four bouts by knockouts and earning one decision.

In 1957, Tony knocked out Chuck Spieser and fought a draw with Yvon Durelle and was matched against cagey old Archie Moore for the lightheavyweight title. By now, a few who hadn't examined Anthony's record closely were saying he had a glass chin. Old Archie knew better.

Tony won the early rounds. He had been instructed to pummel the ancient one's midriff and he did just that — but clever old Arch was blocking most of the blows with his elbows and arms.

"Tony, you look like a real champ," whispered Moore in a clinch in the sixth round. Then he stepped back and let loose a left-right-left to the head and stomach. "You can take it good, too," the titleholder said admiringly as Tony stayed rightside up under the tattoo.

In the seventh round Moore found the range and "smothered" Tony with punches. One Los Angeles sports-writer counted 48 punches landed by Archie on various parts of Anthony's anatomy before the referee called a halt.

"That fight proved one thing," believes Anthony's manager, Ernie Braca. "It showed that Tony certainly does not have a glass jaw. I doubt if any other fighter in the business could have stood up under more than one or two of Moore's Sunday punches, let alone 48."

"The fight did one thing more," Braca will tell you. "It made Tony realize fighting is a real serious business, a full-time occupation. He's always had his heart set on a title, and now he knows he must sacrifice everything else to get it."

How well Tony has buckled down to business is attested by his ring record since the loss to Moore. The first thing he did was to get a return bout with Durelle, whom he stopped in seven rounds. Then he knocked out Art Miller in six and stopped Orville Pitts, a boy nobody wanted to fight, in five. He knocked out Cal Brad, a highly touted western prospect, in a matter of seconds in Los Angeles. Then he followed up with a victory over Archie McBride, scoring two knockdowns.

"It's amazing what's got into the boy," Braca says in wonder. "He won't do anything or even think anything that might interfere with his fighting. I never handled a fighter like him in my whole life."

Anthony, a tall Harry Belafonte type who looks as though he would be more at home on a college campus than in the prize ring, is as deadly serious about fighting as a summit conference. He watches his diet carefully, trains incessantly and has completely renounced the fair sex — until he gets a title.

"I've got no time for anything but fighting," he tells Braca, and proves it.

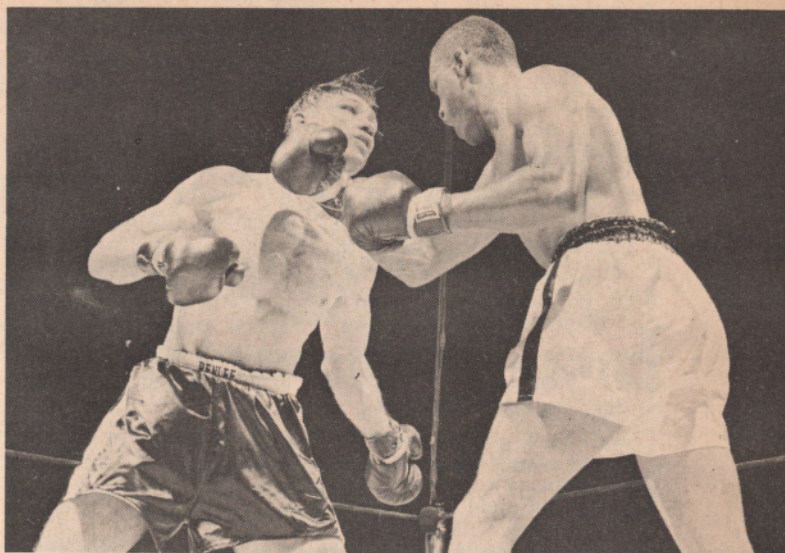
He plays a hot trumpet, but not for the music he can coax from it.

"I don't know whether the trumpet is good for my wind or not," he will tell you. "Some say it is, others say no. But I do know one thing — it helps develop rhythm and rhythm's everything in fighting."

Tony is always practicing, practicing. He studies other fighters carefully and picks up any little tricks they use that he thinks might prove useful to him. He is just as liable as not to get an idea about a new maneuver while having breakfast. If so, he will jump from the table and work it out in shadow boxing, then he'll high-tail it to the gymnasium and put the new tactic to the acid test against a sparring partner.

As serious as he is at his chosen profession, Anthony has a delightful sense of humor while not at work, which isn't very often. He delights in practical jokes — the kind that inflict no physical harm — and has a pet project he would like to put into effect. He wants to buy one of those realistic artificial hands, put a boxing glove on it and take it into the ring under his bathrobe when he goes in

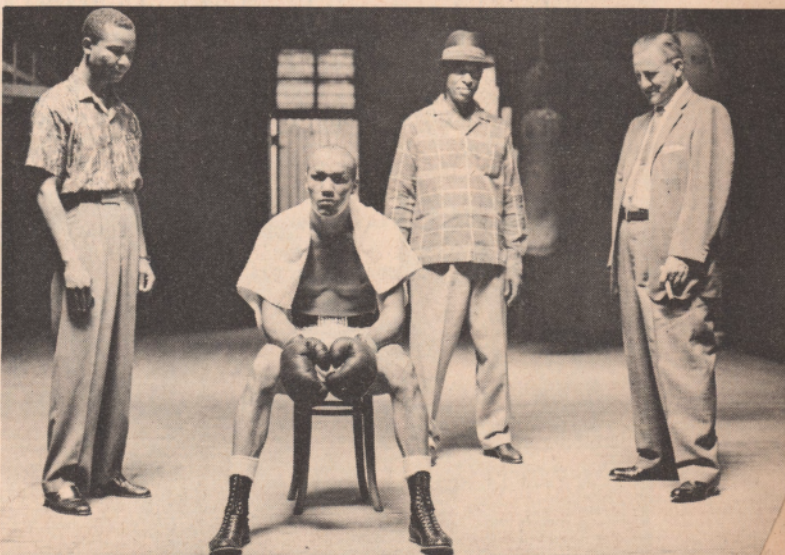
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Standup fighters like Tony Johnson, left, make easy targets for sharp shooter Anthony. Johnson was kayoed in 10th.



Anthony, right, was 13-5 underdog against Chuck Spieser. But Tony scored kayo in 3rd to earn a title bout.



The smooth-working Anthony team; left to right, trainer Bobby McQuillar, Tony, his father, manager Ernie Braca.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF TONY ANTHONY—continued

for a fight. When the referee finishes giving instructions and says, "Shake hands now, and come out boxing," Tony would like to extend the gloved artificial hand to his opponent — and walk away leaving it in his foe's grasp.

He thinks the boxing commissioners might object to such a trick now, but believes after he has won a title he may be able to get away with the gag. And he will, too, if he doesn't think up a better one in the meantime.

Like many a great fighter, Anthony is maturing late. Like old Archie Moore, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jersey Joe Walcott who "found themselves" at a comparatively late age, Tony is just blossoming into full ring glory at the advanced ring age of 23, an age at which quick-blooming boxers such as Joe Louis and Floyd Patterson had won world's championships.

Anthony is just beginning to completely master the fine, and almost forgotten art of infighting. "Kill the belly and the head dies," has become his motto, an adage that probably started to seep into his mind after Willie Troy popped him in the breadbasket. Unlike most single-punch knockers, Anthony tosses blows in machine-gun bursts, — ten or 15 in a row. He figures if one punch can do it, ten or 15 times that many should make it certain.

Anthony has another distinction. His contract is completely owned by only one man, instead of being cut up in four or five pieces as seems to be the vogue now. Tony's manager is Ernie Braca, a gentleman of considerable managerial skill, experience and integrity. Ernie and Tony take all expenses off the top, then divide the net, two-thirds to the fighter and one-third to the manager.

"I make him read every statement I give him on expenses," Braca says. "For a long time he wouldn't even look at them, just said, 'whatever you say is right, Ernie,' but I didn't like that. Now I question him about various items on the accounting just to make sure he has read the statement."

If the Anthony camp were a naval vessel it would be described as a "tight, but happy ship," meaning that while things are run efficiently, they operate with a minimum of friction and dissension. Everyone in the setup has his place and his duties, and everyone discharges them capably and cheerfully.

Manager Braca, who is the master pilot, has the last word in everything, but he does not arbitrarily exert his authority. Trainer Bobby McQuillar, a former lightweight fighter of some renown, has complete charge of keeping Tony in shape, but once again he makes no arbitrary decisions, but prefers to consult other members of the entourage in matters of importance. Tony's father, Pete, who looks enough like his son to be his slightly older brother, is sort of elder statesman of the group. At no time is there dissension in the ranks.



During weigh-in for recent fight with McBride Anthony, center, looks on as doctor checks Archie's blood pressure.

The teamwork of the Anthony camp never is displayed to better advantage than during an actual fight. During a bout no one, but no one, is allowed to speak to Tony but trainer Bobby. If Braca or Pete see something during a bout that they feel should be communicated to Tony between rounds, they tell Bobby — and Bobby tells the fighter.

"This prevents confusion," Braca says. "If two or three guys are each telling the fighter something different, he doesn't know which one to listen to. The way we do it, Tony knows it's official — and he accepts suggestions and follows orders beautifully."

Tony's handlers also have a system of signals which they use from the corner during the progress of a fight. They are changed from time to time, to keep the opposition from picking them up.

"An idea we got from baseball," Braca admits.

Tony was born in Harlem and started boxing at the age of 13 in a Catholic Boys Club Gymnasium. While he has never become a Catholic, he still likes to slip quietly into a Catholic Church and meditate or attend services. When he was 15, Tony won the subnovice lightweight championship in the Golden Gloves and a year later took the open welter title. As National A.A.U. welterweight champion he qualified for the 1952 Olympics. He became, and still remains, a good friend of Floyd Patterson, who as a member of that team won the Olympic middleweight title. Tony outgrew the welterweight limit on the boat going to th games, and never did get a chance to toss punches for the international championship.

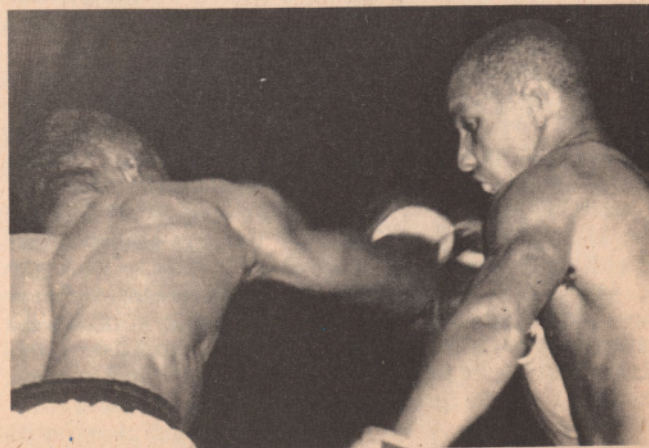
Floyd Patterson, although someday he may have to defend his heavyweight championship against Anthony, is always ready to give advice and tips to Tony.

"If we fight, it won't be in anger," Tony points out. "Fighting's our business, and there's no reason why we shouldn't still be good friends."

Hard-bitten old Archie Moore was so taken by Anthony that after their fight he had a long talk with the man he had just stopped. He gave Tony sound advice, not only on boxing, but about the business end of the game."

"I like both Floyd and Archie very much," says Tony, "but that wouldn't keep me from knocking them to pieces in the ring if I got the chance. And they'd do the same to me, if they could. That's boxing."

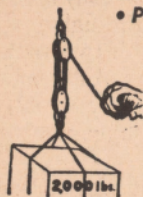
Right now, Tony doesn't care whether he gets the lightheavyweight or heavyweight title — as long as he wins a championship. Manager Braca bars certain very big heavyweights for Anthony until his boy attains a normal weight of at least 185 pounds, which Ernie believes is a minimum against big, dangerous men. But, Ernie makes exceptions. And by the time he gets through naming the exceptions — the heavyweights he'll allow his man to fight even before he reaches a steady 185 — there aren't many left. ● End



Although Anthony, right, was awarded split decision over McBride, most ringsiders thought Tony outclassed opponent.

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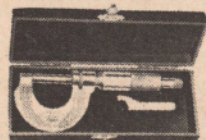
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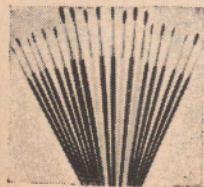
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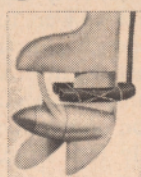


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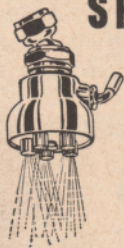
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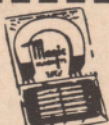


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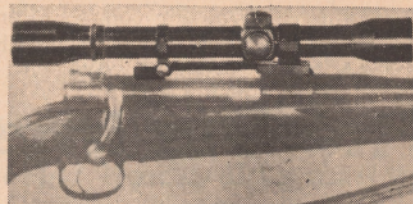


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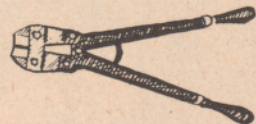
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The Big Mystery Of FLOYD PATTERSON

Everybody thought we had something of value when Floyd Patterson knocked out Archie Moore to win undisputed possession of the heavyweight crown in the battle royal that followed Rocky Marciano's retirement. Here, we said, is a great champion. The youngest man ever to win the heavyweight title. A fine boxer. A terrific puncher. An adaptable master of ring strategy and tactics. All in all, a man who can fight and, perhaps more important, *think*.

Now, a bare two years since Floyd planted that fateful knockout right on the chin of crafty old Arch, the picture has changed. People are beginning to call Patterson a "cheese champ" and wonder why they ever thought he had the elements of greatness. Since winning the title fair and square, as they say, Patterson has been kept hidden like a family skeleton. He has fought only three times, against one has-been and two never-wases. Or perhaps all three of the clowns he has condescended to do business with were never-wases. Whatever they were, Floyd looked miserable against all of them.

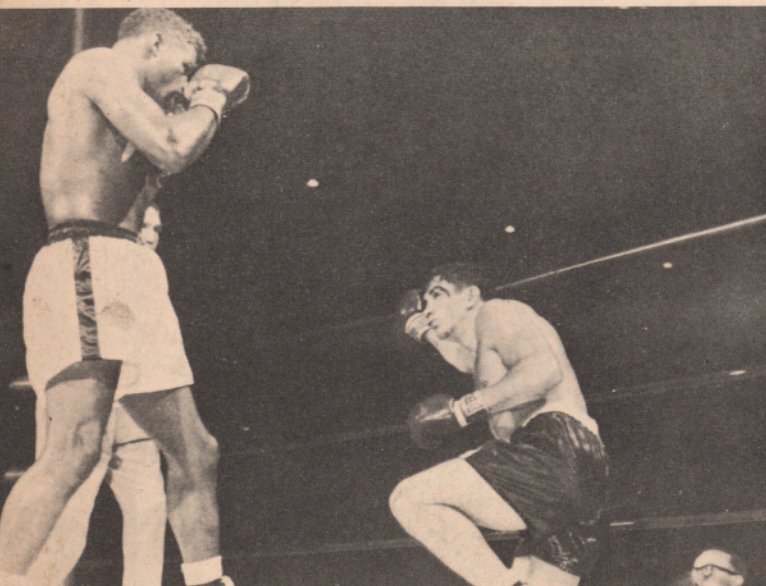
Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson might have been a fair fighter at one stage of his cockeyed career, but it is doubtful. Eight months after winning the title from Moore, Patterson floundered around for ten rounds before softening up Jackson to the point where the referee could conscientiously call a halt. This is the same Jackson who had been Floyd's gymnasium sparmate for years and who a bit later was to be stopped by Eddie Machen, a man Patterson's manager claims, but isn't proving, his boy could beat with ease.

Within another month, and with the Jackson fight as a tuneup, Floyd took on what we were told was a most formidable opponent, in the person of Pete Rademacher, an amateur making his professional debut. Rademacher had the champion on the floor in the early rounds and only lack of experience prevented him from applying the *coup de grace*. At the end of four rounds, Rademacher looked like the new heavyweight champion of the world. Unfortunately, for Pete, the bout was scheduled for 15 rounds and Rademacher ran out of gas early, forcing

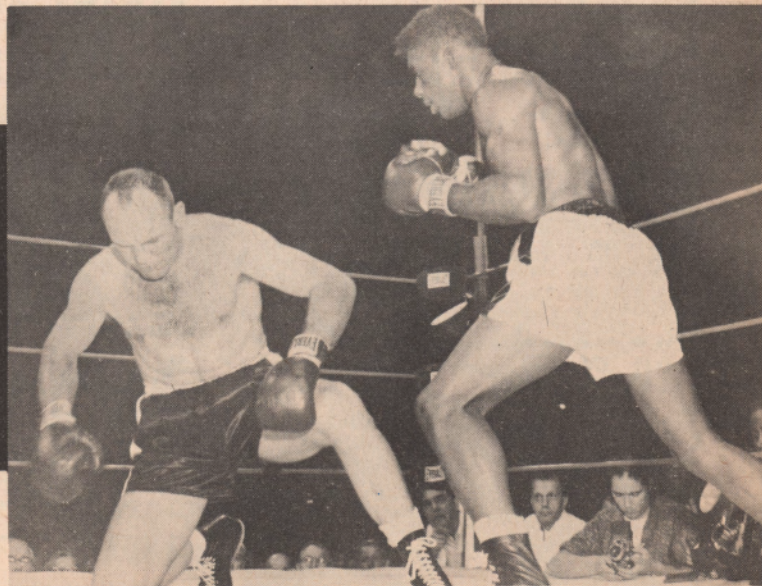
the referee to call a halt in the sixth round. The aging, poorly trained Rademacher looked so impressive against Patterson there was talk of a rematch, talk that was hushed abruptly when Zora Folley, a worthwhile contender consistently ignored by Floyd, quickly knocked out poor, pitiful Pete, making him look like the amateur he actually is.

This year Patterson appeared just once, in Los Angeles against Roy Harris, an awkward, punchless novice whose chief claim to fame was that he came from a backwoods settlement with the unbelievable name of Cut and Shoot and had won all his bouts — such as they were — in his native state of Texas. Harris had Floyd on the floor in the second round and would have scored a knockout had he owned anything even remotely resembling a finishing punch. Still it took Patterson all of 12 rounds to render Harris *hors de combat*. Immediately after the bout, and before he had had time to formulate an evasive answer, Floyd, who is remarkably forthright, was asked if the knockdown punch really hurt him.

"No," Floyd replied, "but he sure



Roy Harris, down, made a brave but futile attempt to lift Patterson's title last August. Roy could not answer the bell for the thirteenth round in Los Angeles.



An insult to the public was Patterson-Rademacher farce in August 1957. The "great" amateur was kayoed in 6th.

What ever happened to the heavyweight champion of the world? How could a man who looked so good wind up sliding down hill faster than he zoomed to the top? Here's the inside story.

hurt me when I got up."

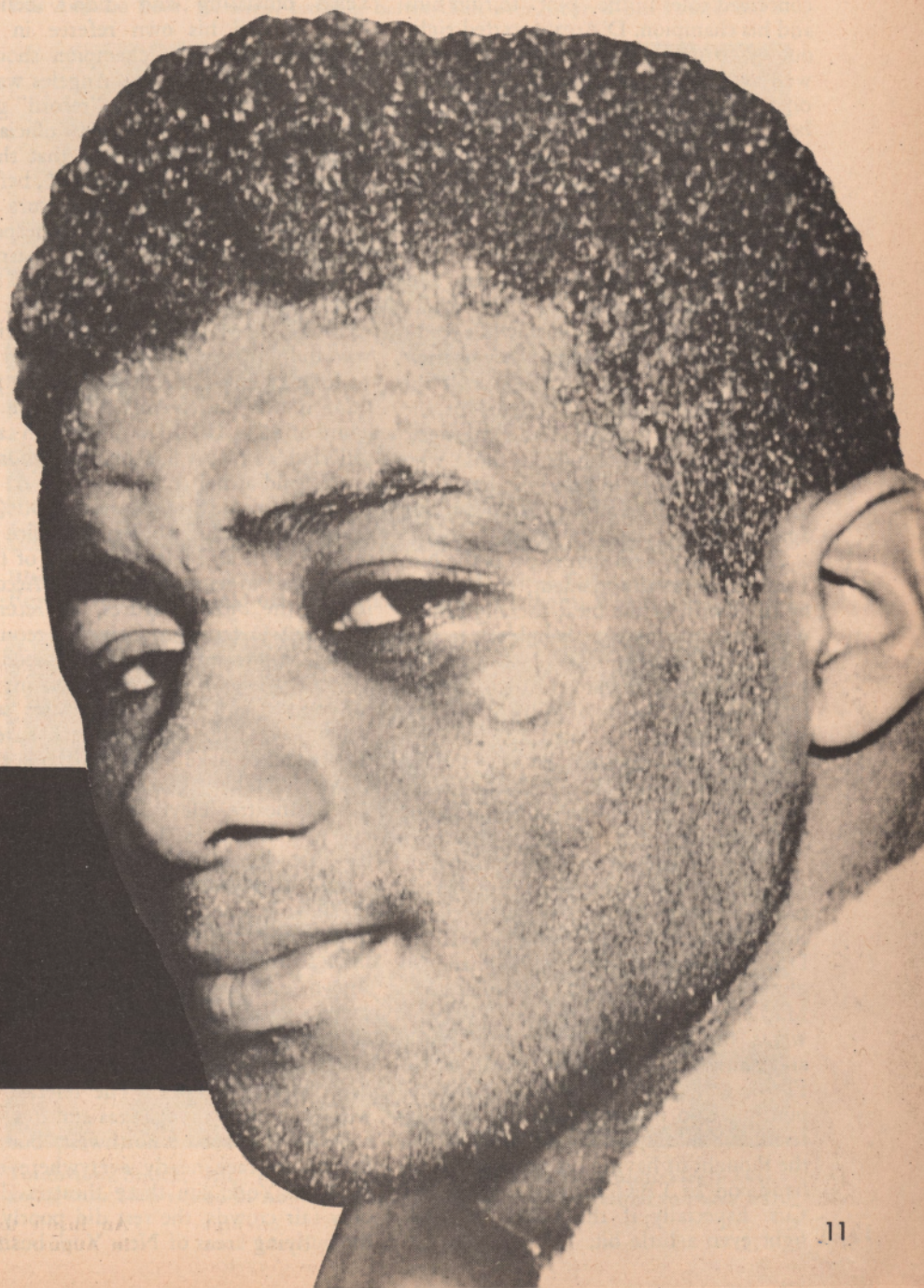
This is a great champion? A man who ducks top contenders and looks terrible against even the hand-picked pushovers he elects to face.

There is little doubt that Patterson today is a mediocrity hardly more than a run-of-the-ring fighter. The big mystery is, *whatever happened to the Floyd Patterson we saw, or thought we saw, in the beginning?* There are two possible answers. Either he has been mismanaged out of greatness or the "great" Floyd Patterson never really existed. There is much to be said in favor of either explanation.

Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, did a splendid job of steering Floyd into the title against the firm opposition of Jim Norris' monopolistic International Boxing Club. He not only skilfully maneuvered his man into the title shot, he earned plenty of money in the process. Now, Cus has turned Knight in Armor and may be crusading his fighter into oblivion.

Nothing so excites the public fancy as
(continued on next page)

The fighter experts predicted would someday be rated on a par with Louis and Dempsey is now the target of disgusted writers and fight fans the world over.



First Patterson title defense was against pitiful Hurricane Jackson, July, 1957.

THE BIG MYSTERY OF FLOYD PATTERSON—continued

a contest between a good little man and a good big one. Don Quixote *vs* Windmills could pack Madison Square Garden any night in the week and David and Goliath would be a cinch to sell out any arena in the country. Now it was Little Cus *vs* Jim Norris and his I.B.C. For this reason alone, practically everybody was on Cus' side and rooting for him when he girded his loins to take on Norris & Co.

But Cus quickly converted the sublime to the ridiculous. He honestly believes the I.B.C. has engineered an awesome, world-wide master plan to ruin him and his fighter. Those who do not agree implicitly with everything he says or does concerning boxing automatically become sinister representatives of the I.B.C. carrying out their carefully conceived roles in the "plot" to ruin him and his champion. D'Amato started right out by letting it be known that he was well aware that most sports writers were on the side of the I.B.C. Even the most honored and respected of sports writers who have dared express even mild disapproval of his handling of Patterson's affairs have become, in Cus' mind, paid agents of the monopolistic monster the really hate.

If anybody is ruining Patterson and D'Amato, it is Cus himself. He refuses to let his man engage worthwhile competitors for the title because they or their managers have done business with the I.B.C. Yet Jackson had fought for the I.B.C. and Lou Viscusi, Harris' manager, is not a complete stranger to those who control the big organization. Rademacher, of course, hadn't fought for anyone, or against anyone, for that matter.

Zora Folley, who shapes up as the No. 1 contender at the moment, is managed by Bill Swift, of the meat-packing family who certainly is not beholden to the I.B.C., and Al Fenn, who is as remote from Madison Square Garden as the little mining town of Clifton, Ariz., where he edits a newspaper. Yet, D'Amato has rejected Folley, on the grounds that he has fought for the I.B.C., even as Patterson himself did before he won the title.

Eddie Machen, another worthwhile (and D'Amato says easy) contender, is managed by Sid Flaherty, who claims complete independence from the I.B.C. D'Amato says Flaherty works hand-in-glove with the big outfit. Besides that, Machen can fight pretty well, so who wants him? Willie Pastrano, a gentle and cautious boxer who might outfumble Floyd, and Sonny Liston, a murderous puncher who probably could knock Patterson's head off, are I.B.C. fighters, and the thought of having his protege soil his hands on an I.B.C. man is abhorrent to Cus. Especially if the I.B.C. man can fight even a little bit.

The ridiculousness of the lengths to which Cus will go to keep his fighter intact was never more aptly demonstrated than in Patterson's recent bout with Harris. There was no demand for this mishmash outside of Texas, where interest ran high because Harris is a favored son and historic landmark, sort of a combination of steak fried in butter and the Alamo. Harris' manager wanted the bout in Houston, where he figured he could entice at least 3,000 of the Texas oil royalty into special box seats at \$100 apiece and as many *boi polloi* as he could accommodate into other seats. Cus, however, insists on making his own ground rules and demanded the bout be held in Los Angeles, which couldn't have been more unconcerned about the whole affair. Apparently D'Amato had little faith in Texas officiating and didn't believe Floyd carried his own referee in his two fists, as a great champion should.

The actual fight in Los Angeles was a financial fiasco, despite the "record" gate of \$234,183.25 announced officially. What actually happened was that there was just a bit more than \$100,000, before taxes, in the till a short time before the bout was scheduled to go on. In desperation, the promoters declared a bargain sale, reducing the price of \$20 and \$30 tickets by 50%. This was done with the sanction of the California authorities who didn't care what the tickets sold for as long as they got their tax on the *face value* of the pasteboards. Thus, the big figure of \$234,183.25 was based on taxes collected at face value on thousands of tickets sold at half price.

Patterson's deal was to receive 50% of everything, including the boxoffice receipts and theatre television. Out of this, Harris was to be paid \$100,000. According to the *official* figures, he received \$101,382.41 from the boxoffice receipts. However, his real payoff was based on the *actual amount of cash* taken in, not the prices marked on the tickets sold. It is doubtful if the champion's share of the boxoffice take came to more than \$60,000, perhaps \$75,000 at most.

The theatre television was a colossal flop in most places. TelePromTer, which had the theatre TV rights, "estimates" a gross of \$1,000,000. Variety, the Bible of show business, says the theatres did only 20% to 50% of capacity in 147 houses in 133 cities where the bout was shown and that the gross receipts were a mere \$500,000. Even this figure probably is a bit high as theatre operators always pad their figures when giving them to trade papers. The telecast did well in most parts of Texas and in a few spots in the Pacific northwest, but fell flat on its face nearly everywhere else. In New York city three theatres drew only fair crowds, the rest did poorly. In the outlying areas of New York business

was terrible. One drive-in, which can accommodate 8,000 people, had exactly 165 cars in its vast, empty spaces when the fight went on. Outside the metropolitan centers throughout most of the country business went from bad to worse.

For this, D'Amato steered Patterson carefully around what could have been, at one time before the public lost interest in Floyd, most lucrative bouts against the likes of Pat McMurry, an easy-touch local idol in the Pacific northwest; Eddie Machen, who could have drawn a record gate in San Francisco at one time, and even Wearisome Willie Pastrano, who would have done well with the champion in his native New Orleans.

D'Amato's financial setup for the Los Angeles bout was even more ludicrous than the fight itself. He guaranteed Harris \$100,000 according to newspaper reports. Shades of Jack Kearns! Can you imagine old Doc guaranteeing anybody one red cent to fight Dempsey? That's not all. Patterson's personal lawyers insisted that Cus guarantee his own fighter a certain sum before he would sign for the bout! It is rumored Cus promised his boy a minimum of \$250,000, although the amount may have been smaller, as we shall see. Can you imagine a Dempsey bringing along his own lawyer to get a guarantee from Kearns before he would sign for a fight!

If Patterson's cut of the gate was \$75,000 (probably a high figure) and the theatre telecast did \$500,000, as Variety reports, Cus is still left holding the bag. The gross of \$500,000 would be split 50-50 between the theatres showing the bout and TelePromTer. That would give TelePromTer \$250,000, which it was obligated to divide evenly with Patterson. This would make Patterson's share of the theatre TV \$125,000. One hundred and twenty five thousand from theatre TV, added to \$75,000 from the fight boxoffice, makes \$200,000 any way you figure it. And any way you figure it \$200,000 will not cover a \$100,000 guarantee to Harris and a \$250,000 guarantee to Patterson, so D'Amato must wind up a loser, or not paying his boy what he promised.

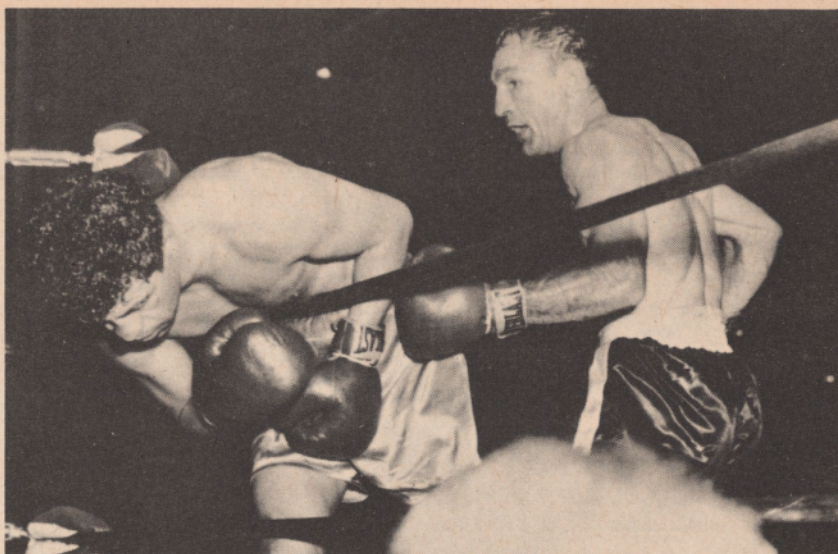
Yes, it may well be that Patterson is being mismanaged into fistic limbo. He seemed to fight well when he fought frequently, but since he has practically been put in a dust-proof, hermetically sealed glass case like a museum piece by D'Amato, he not only has ceased to progress as a boy his age should, he seems to be going backward. "Against Harris he fought doubled up like an old man, with his gloves clasped to his head like a pair of ear muffs," is the way one commentator put it.

This cannot be the stand-up, stand-out fighter we not long ago compared to Joe

(continued on page 52)



His face bloodied and distorted, Aragon waits for Basilio's next charge in sixth.



Art Aragon drops over rope to avoid savage attack by Carmen Basilio during Los Angeles bout. Carmen, looking better than ever, scored 8th round kayo.

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

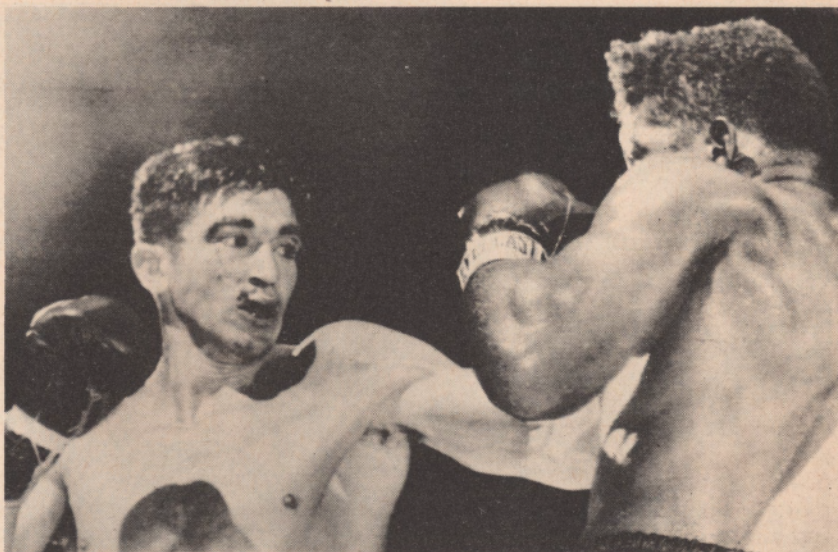
by EDDIE BORDEN

PATTERSON - HARRIS

Roy Harris fought his heart out in a grim effort to win the biggest fight of his life. With blood pouring from deep cuts over both his eyes, he held his ground as booming punches exploded on every part of his tortured body. For eleven rounds he shook off Floyd Patterson's dynamite and then, in the intermission before the twelfth, his trainer, Billy Gore, saw that his wounds had reached the critical point. He reluctantly signaled the referee that Roy could not come out for the next round.

To the amazement of all in Los Angeles' Wrigley Field, Patterson was dropped in the second round by a left-right combination. Harris more than held his own through the first five rounds by outboxing the aggressive champion and continually beating him to the punch. But from the sixth round on, it was all Patterson. He dropped the Texan in the seventh, twice in the eighth and again in the twelfth. Once Patterson found the range, Harris' cause was a hopeless one and in the homestretch Floyd looked unbeatable,

(continued on next page)



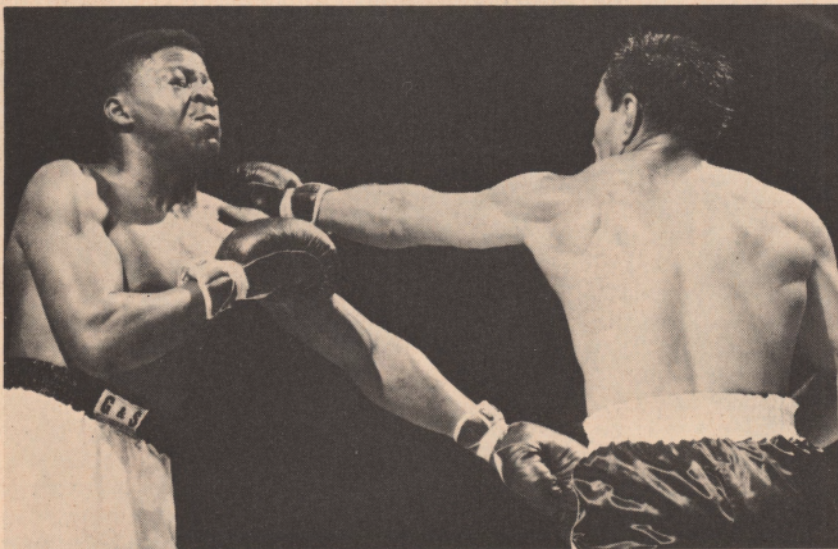
Bleeding from wounds around eyes and mouth, game but outclassed Texan, Roy Harris, tries to hold off Floyd Patterson in title bout. Was stopped in 12.



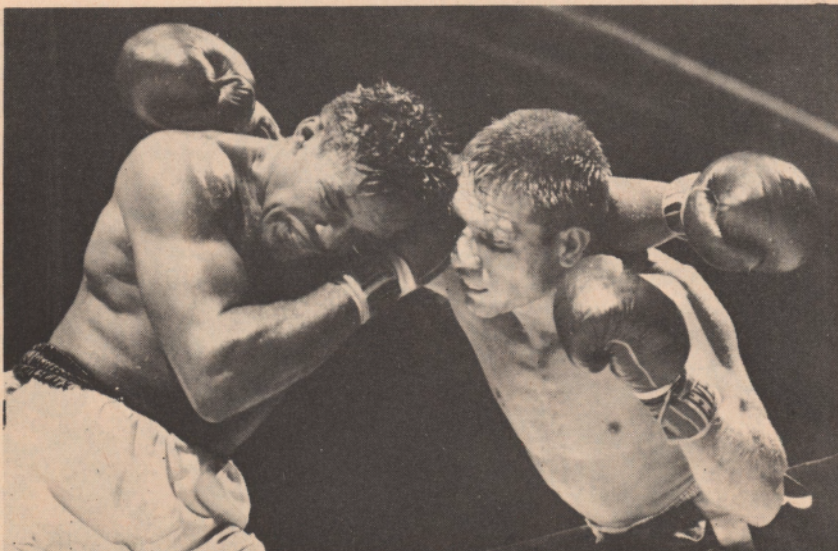
Tombstone Smith, left, was far ahead of welterweight champion Virgil Akins going into 10th round of non-title bout in Chicago. Akins rallied to score KO.



France's Lahaouri Godih, left, did most of the forcing and landed most of the punches in bout with Don Jordan at New York, but Jordan won the verdict.



Spider Webb, left, one of the best middleweights in the world, softened up Germany's tough Franz Szuzina for six rounds than stopped him in the 7th.



Gil Turner, left, veteran Philadelphia welterweight, looked surprisingly sharp in pounding out unanimous 10 round decision over Stefan Redl in N.Y.C.

BASILIO - ARAGON

The highly touted clash between Carmen Basilio, 155½, and Art Aragon, 152, at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, lived up to its advance billing. Although one-sided in the hawk-faced Basilio's favor, Aragon's amazing display of raw courage was the real highlight of the fight.

The famed Golden Boy took a frightful lacing for seven rounds, but he stayed on his feet all the time, his tortured face twisting in pain each time Basilio's booming hooks bit into his flesh.

One of Aragon's seconds threw in the towel during the eighth round as Art swayed helplessly against the ropes. Referee Tommy Hart, without ever seeing the surrender signal, stopped the one-sided bloodbath on his own volition at the 1 minute 27 second mark.

I was amazed to hear that the California Boxing Commission decreed officially that the fight ended in a knockout and not a technical knockout, which it obviously was.

The gross receipts of \$236,521 was an all time California record. There was no last minute price cutting of tickets as was the case for the Patterson-Harris bout held a few weeks before in the same city.

ARMSTRONG - CALHOUN

With one sensational victory young Gene "Ace" Armstrong rocketed from club fighter to leading contender status in the middleweight division. His victory over husky Rory Calhoun, 160¾, in Madison Square Garden gained the 154 pound Armstrong enough prestige to challenge Joey Giardello, Joey Giambra and all the other leading middleweights. ⚡

Gene had Calhoun groggy through most of the first five rounds. He dropped Rory in the first, second, fourth and ninth rounds with trip-hammer combinations. It was one of the most thrilling Madison Square Garden fights seen in a long while.

FOLLEY - RADEMACHER

Pete Rademacher's almost unbelievable fighting career came to an abrupt ending when the balding super-salesman was out classed and then stopped cold by trigger-fisted Zora Folley. After the second knockdown in the fourth round, Referee Charley Randolph stopped the uneven farce without even bothering to count.

Rademacher's whopping \$35,000 guarantee undoubtedly soothed his bumps and bruises, but not so for Los Angeles promoter George Parnassus, who engineered the comedy and paid

(continued on page 53)

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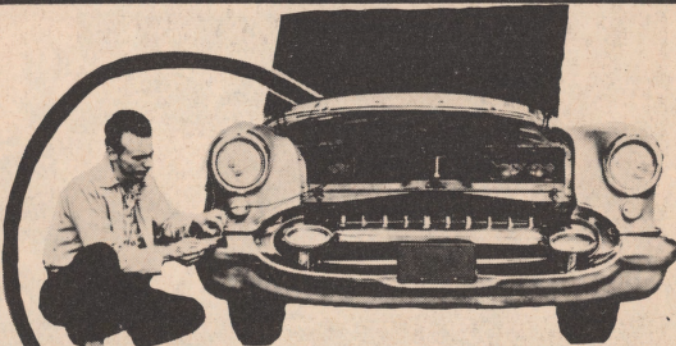
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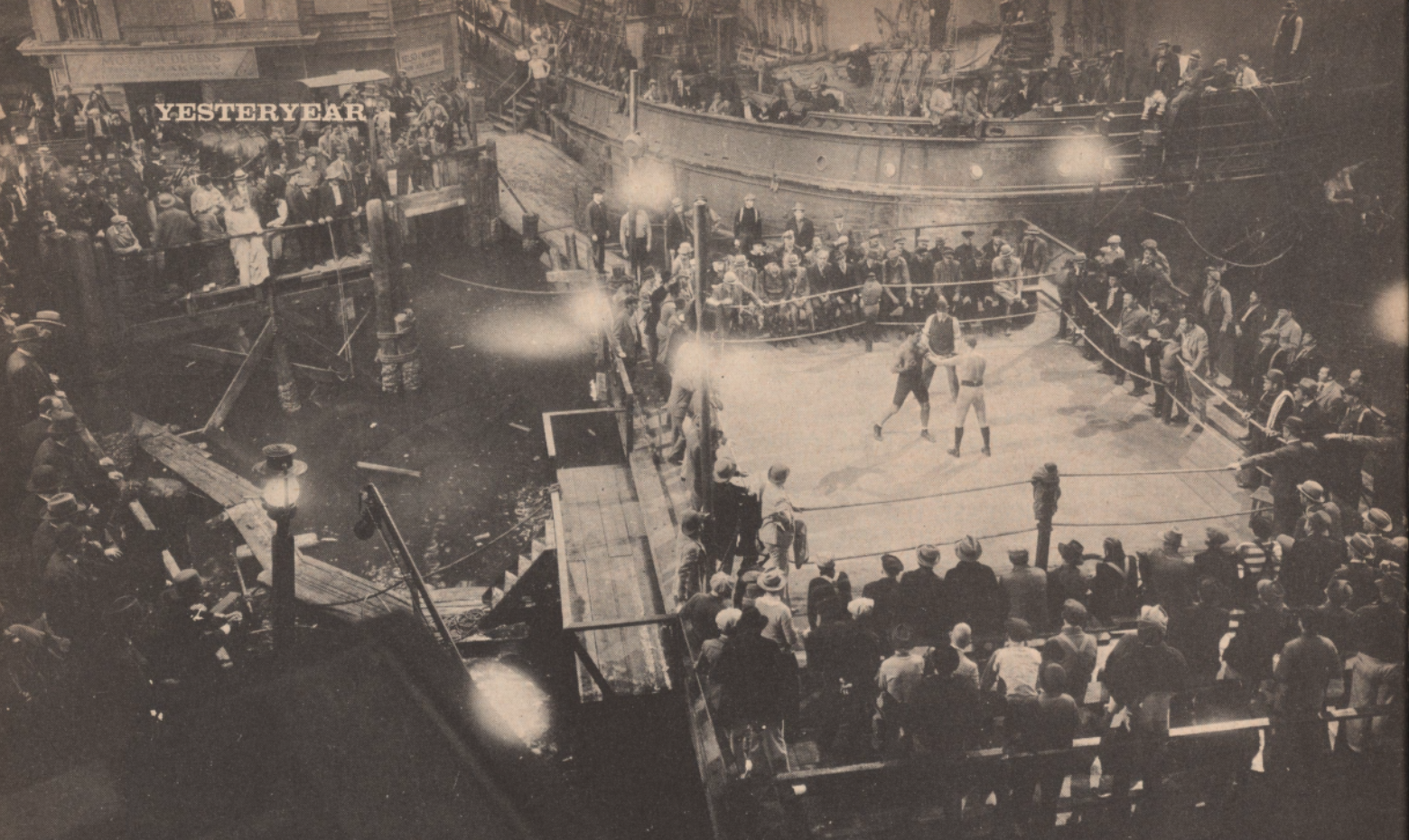
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YESTERYEAR



THE FIGHT THAT MADE SULLIVAN FAMOUS

Classic battle was fought on barge towed upriver from New York City to Yonkers, N.Y. Ring was pitched by driving posts into barge's rotted deck and lights strung overhead. Scene shown above is movie set an almost exact duplication of original.

by ERNEST CUNNINGHAM

One cold, drizzly evening in 1881 an old barge bumped gently against a wharf in the Hudson river near Yonkers, New York. The tugboat which had towed the barge upriver from New York City was overflowing with a strange variety of humanity; men with flowing mustaches, derbies and striped sweaters. Excited men who acted as though they couldn't wait to get to where they were going. Some had jumped down onto the dilapidated barge and were driving wood posts between the rotted deck board and stringing ropes around the posts. Kerosene lamps were fired and strung from an overhead network of lines.

Watching intently from the tug's pilot house was a handsome young man of 22, with bull neck and flowing handlebar mustache. His white shirt was unbuttoned to the waist and he was barefooted. This was John L. Sullivan of Boston, a nonentity, about to begin the fight that made him famous and which started him on the road to the heavyweight championship of the world.

A hushed murmur of anxiety stealthily crept over the water as men asked each other, "Who do you like?" The choice was between Sullivan and big John Flood, called the Bull's Head Terror, a frightful slugger and a man of tremendous courage. Flood got his nickname because he was

the biggest and toughest member of the toughest street gang in New York, the gang that ruled the neighborhood of the Bull's Head horse market on Twenty-Fourth Street. He was a barrel-chested redhead, with cold piercing eyes and hands big as hams. He outweighed Sullivan by ten pounds, 189 to 179 and he was heavily favored to win.

At last the stage was set. The mob yelled for the fighters, but none appeared. The delay was caused by a dispute as to who would act as referee. Brazenly, Flood's manager, Billy Borst nominated himself for the job. Billy Madden, Sullivan's pilot, laughed in his face and growled "If you referee there will be only one fighter in the ring — Flood."

Finally they agreed on a reputable New York sportsman named Al Smith to officiate. When Smith was announced there was a smattering of applause from the elite around the ringside and a mass of yells and catcalls from the "common men" who had shoved and jostled their way to high vantage points for a better view of the ring.

The pre-fight commotion rose to a maze of roars as last minute bets were placed and rival groups hurled taunts at each other. The Flood mob fondled their knives and

(continued on page 57)



One of the most savage of all John L. Sullivan's battles took place at midnight on a dilapidated barge.

Sullivan, right, shown in rare photograph as he signed to fight Flood. Photo was taken in Harry Hill's Music Hall in New York. Flood, above, became one of John L.'s closest friends after the fight and they toured the world together.



Extremely shrewd, Robinson is every bit as good a businessman as he is a fighter. Nobody tells him what to do or what to say.



by HY TODD

Maybe Ray Robinson should have been nicknamed Saccharin instead of Sugar. Saccharin, you see, is about 400 times as sweet as sugar, for which it is often used as a substitute. The only trouble with it is that it is inclined to leave a sour after-taste.

Like saccharin, when Robinson's sweet, he's sickeningly sweet, as he was the night he made the ill-advised, tawdry and maudlin religious speech over TV from ringside after one of his fights. And while he has been a truly great fighter, many of his actions outside the ring have left a decidedly sour taste.

Now he's at it again. With the middleweight crown once again safely in his possession, he is making motions like a man about to retire, but keeping a parcel of deserving contenders for the title dangling and discouraged by not announcing straight forwardly that he does not intend to fight again.

Worse, he is gnawing at the hand that fed him, displaying his ingratitude with graceless statements about the profession which enabled him to clamber from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame. Witness, this statement to Joe Hyams, who covers the Hollywood beat for the New York Herald-Tribune: "I have been highly successful as a fighter, but I detest prize fighting. It has always seemed barbaric to me (for men) to beat each other. I am no coward, but I never see that it solves anything. But I do the best that I can. I fight because I earn big money."

This sounds like a man who is through with the fight game and there is other evidence that Robinson does not intend to fight again. He has had a repair job done on his nose and has been in huddles in Hollywood regarding the possibility of a new career in the movies. Also, he has been reported discussing with Broadway producer Julie Styne the possibility of doing a stage version of *Golden Boy*. Between these activities and defending himself in lawsuits, he can hardly have much time to give to the ring. In fact, it would seem boxing's the last thing he has on his mind at the moment.

This has muddled the middleweight situation hopelessly. Logical contenders don't know where they stand. Take Joey Giardello, for instance. He has been knocking at the door for too long now. True, he detoured himself on his trip to a title shot by a brush with the law, but he has paid for past mistakes and apparently has settled down into quiet respectability. Since simmering down in his personal life, Giardello has had a long, severe struggle to keep at the top of the heap of contenders. Just recently he dropped a close decision to Joey Giambra. Nothing is more discouraging to a fighter than to keep fighting and fighting with no goal in sight. The only goal Giardello and fighters like him can have is a championship, and Robinson's keeping the middleweight crown in a deep freeze while he plays around with starting a new career for himself.



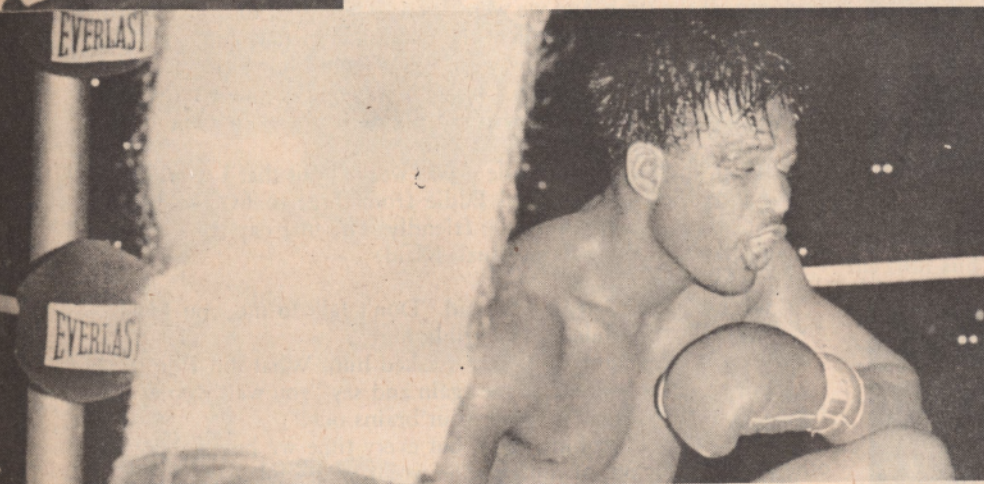
Ray has often expressed a dislike for the sport that made him rich and famous. Photo shows him after losing title to Fullmer.

Giardello is not the only one affected by Robinson's failure to fish or cut bait. Spider Webb, Gene Fullmer (the forgotten man of boxing), Joey Giambra and Gene "Ace" Armstrong are other worthy contenders who should know whether or not they will ever get a shot at the title.

Robinson's indecision has halted all talk of a resumption of his series with Carmen Basilio. All Robbie will say is that he wants all the money if they fight again and Carmen rightfully refuses to stand still for a lopsided financial deal. Chances are, Robinson set his high price for a return with Basilio to put himself in a position where he cannot lose. If Basilio agrees to give him practically all the money, he'll take the fight and come

The Sugar Man Is SOUR Again

Every sign points to Ray Robinson's retirement from the ring. By not announcing it and clutching the middleweight title as long as possible, he's once again hurting the game that brought him fame.



Robinson was lucky to get decision over Rocky Castellani in '55. Dropped in 6th round he was badly bruised around face.

Above all Ray is fearful of permanent injury to face. He plans career in show business which requires clean cut looks.

out a big winner. If Carmen elects to fight Virgil Akins which would draw a tremendous gate, Robinson will go merrily on his way in show business while using the frozen middleweight title to further his prestige.

Let us take the middleweight champion's amazing statement to Joe Hyams apart, bit by bit. "I detest prize fighting," says Robinson. If that be true, let him show his hatred of what he considers a barbaric sport by relinquishing his valuable middleweight title and staying completely away from the game he has made so memorable on some occasions and loused up so badly at other times.

"I am no coward," says Robinson. This may be so, but he has run out of more than one fight on what might chari-

tably be called a whim. Like the time he was signed to fight George Small in Boston in a tune-up fight for bigger things. Small, at the time, was pretty well along toward the end of his ring career and didn't figure to offer even a remote threat to a fighter as capable as Robinson.

Small and Robinson weighed in for the bout and when Ray and his entourage returned to their hotel for the pre-fight rest period, Robbie said to Ernie Braca, "Why you didn't tell me that boy killed somebody in the ring?" a fact he had become acquainted with at the weighing-in.

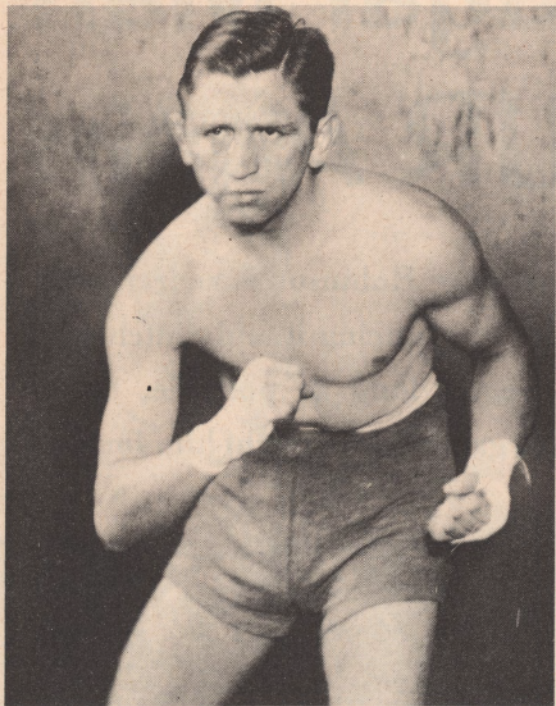
"That was a long time ago, Ray," Braca told him. "And it shouldn't make any difference. It was an accident. And besides, you killed a man (*Jimmy Doyle*)

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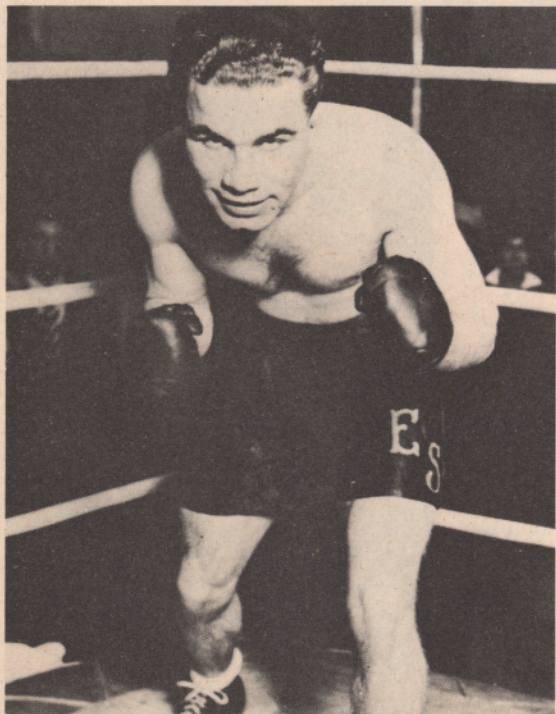


GRUDGE FIGHT

by RAY MILLER



RAY MILLER



EDDIE SHEA

Nothing will pile more fight fans through the turnstiles than the promise of seeing a real grudge fight. Convince them that the fighters are in there for more than just the money. Like, for instance, that they almost came to blows when they met on the street, or that one was fooling around with the other's girl friend, and you've got a sellout crowd.

Smart promoters like Rickard and Mike Jacobs used the gimmick — that is to say they "faked" it by creating unfriendly situations between two men who were booked to fight. The Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the Baer-Schmeling fight and the Louis-Galento fight all had the tang of "real war" about them. And the second Louis-Schmeling fight (see page 00) was beyond doubt an actual grudge battle.

Sometimes, in an effort to steam up a fighter, managers will make up stories. A fighter might be told that his future opponent has been calling him names in public or bragging that he will win without breaking a sweat.

Things like that do happen. I know. It happened to me once. I was a kid fighting as a featherweight out of Chicago and, at the same time, so was a tough boy named Eddie Shea. We were both going good, both winning all the time, and we were friends. We used to train at the same gym on the North side, often at the same time of day, and it was always 'hello, Eddie,' 'hello, Ray,' between us. We both knew that it was only a question of time before we'd fight. It was one of those rare naturals. Him an Italian and me a Jewish kid, living in the same neighborhood, each with big followings.

When the match was made it was worked out that I would use the gym one o'clock to three and Eddie from three to five, so that folks wouldn't think that we were too friendly. The first day, as I was going out and he was coming in, as usual, I said:

Hello, Eddie.

But he sneered at me and said "Don't talk to me, you Jew . . ."

I was dumbfounded and terribly hurt.

What's the matter with you? I asked him. What did I do to you?

But all he did was curse me again and say "you wait, you wait until I get you in that ring. I'll knock your brains out!"

I didn't speak to him again, but every time we bumped into each other going in or out of the gym, he would abuse me.

By the time we got into the ring I hated him so much I wanted to kill him. In the first round I tore into him and tried my best to knock him out. But I was so keyed up that I missed a lot and he got away from me. Every time we went in close he cursed me. He said some terrible things.

When I got back to my corner, Sam Pian, who was my manager along with Art Winch, said "take it easy or you are going to knock yourself out. Fight him the same way you fought all the others. Stick him and hook him."

Then Sam Pian said "don't knock him out, Ray. Just cut him up."

So I went out for the next round and boxed him. I ripped his eye with a left hook. I tore his mouth with a right cross and an uppercut split open the bottom of his chin. I could have knocked him out. I knew it. But I didn't. I just cut him up and paid him back for all those nasty names he called me.

When the fight was over he walked over to my corner with a funny look on his chopped up face. He bowed his head like he was embarrassed and he said:

"I'm sorry, Ray, for all those things I said about you. I didn't mean any of 'em. They put me up to it."

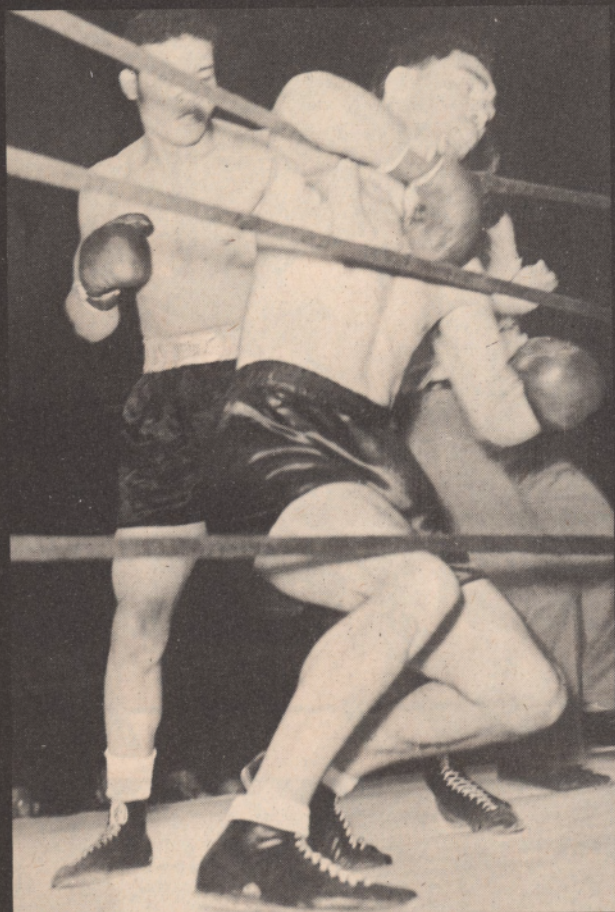
And I said that I was sorry, too. But you should have told me before this.

I saw he was confused and sincere and I knew he was telling the truth. So we shook hands right there in the ring and we were friends again — just like we had been before the fight was arranged.

THE FIGHT LOUIS CAN'T FORGET



Excitement was at fever pitch in Yankee Stadium that memorable night as the enormous crowd waited for the fighters in the main event. Every seat was filled.



Schmeling twists in agony after Louis' left hook dug deep into his side. In doing so Max violated basic rule of the ring; never turn your back on an opponent.

Like most former champions Joe Louis lives in the past. He gets satisfying pleasure recollecting the days he was champion. He grins when you mention the name of Tony Galento. He good-naturedly rubs his chin and says "man how that boy could hit" when you remind him of Max Baer. And he shakes his head in admiration of Tommy Farr. Only the name Max Schmeling causes the famous Louis face to darken in anger. For the German Schmeling was the only man Joe ever fought whom he despised.

Before their classic battle on June 22, 1938, Schmeling bragged that the Negro champion was scared of him. Max also issued public statements branding Joe and his people and spread the Nazi doctrine of racial superiority. Louis was infuriated. In training he became so vicious thinking of Schmeling that he would have literally murdered his sparring partners had his trainers not pulled him away. In the evenings at camp he brooded and kept asking over and over again *why does he says those things about me?*

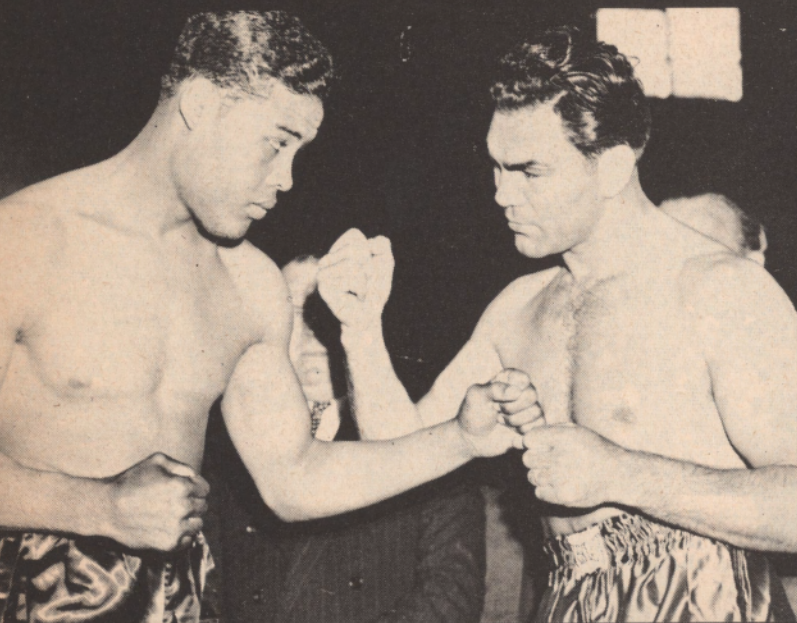
But when the fighters moved out of their corners at New York's huge Yankee Stadium, Louis' face showed no fear. It was Schmeling who looked disturbed and worried. Coldly intent and filled with hatred, Joe backed the German into a corner. He shot a jab to the nose. Another under the heart, then he opened up with all the terrifying power which made him one of the greatest champions of all time.

A right to the jaw was the punch that ruined Schmeling. A right to the kidney chipped his vertebrae. Max dropped three times. Then referee Arthur Donovan stopped the fight in 2 minutes 4 seconds of the first round. It was the second shortest championship fight in history (Tommy Burns knocked out Jem Roche in 1 minute 28 seconds, March 17, 1908).

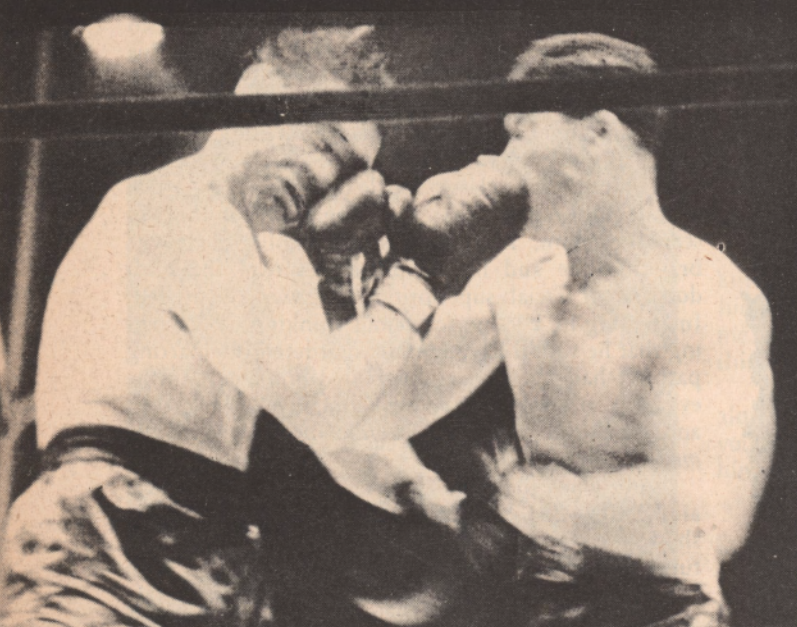
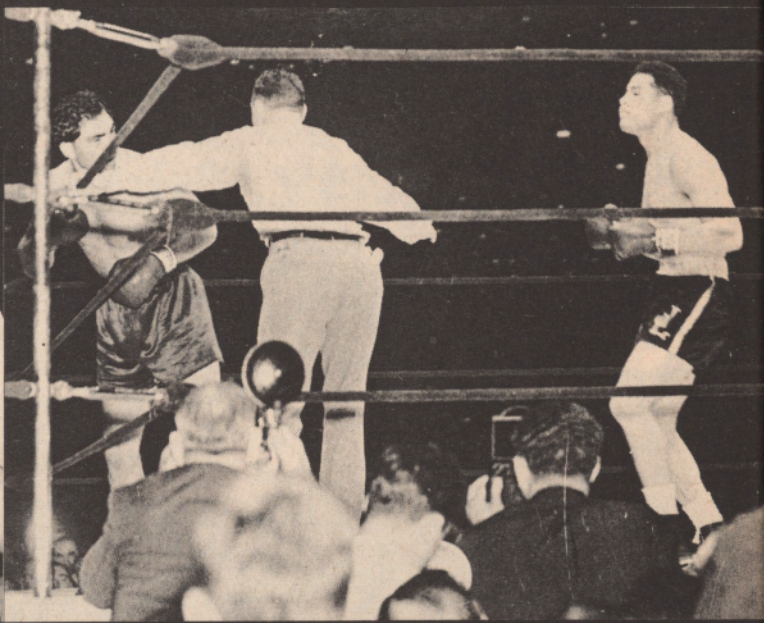
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MORE PHOTOS NEXT PAGE

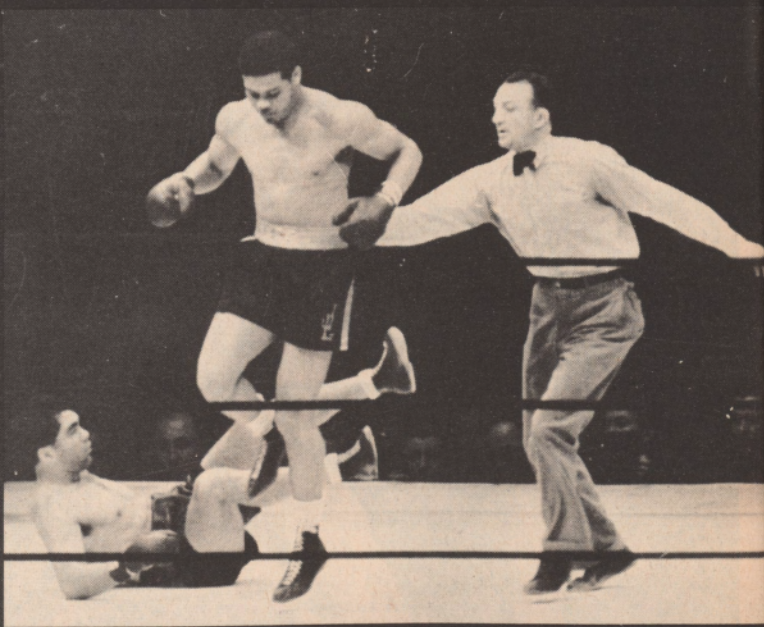
Schmeling, right, appeared nervous during weighing-in. He had received encouraging message from Adolf Hitler.



Referee Arthur Donovan holds Louis off as Max, dazed and hurt, clings to ropes. First knockdown followed.



Champion's terrific power is evident as right cracks against Max's eye. Schmeling had absolutely no defense.



Schmeling hit floor so hard it left him breathless. Left under the heart and right to the chin dropped him.

Joe's murderous left zooms toward German's exposed face. This was first knockdown blow.



Next day rumor spread like wildfire that Schmeling had died. Actually he was in the hospital.

End of fight. Still not knowing what hit him, Schmeling is led to corner by ref.





After knocking out Britain's Henry Cooper, Johansson was given floral wreath by adoring Swedes. Manager Ahlqvist is at left of picture.



Johansson rips way at Henry Cooper's midsection in Stockholm bout. Swedish fighter retained European title.

Sweden's undefeated Ingemar Johansson has ruined Europe's best heavyweights with his potent fists, and most leading American contenders have flatly refused to face him. Now fans the world over are wondering. . . .

Just how good is JOHANSSON?

When big, strapping Ingemar Johansson was disqualified for 'not trying' during his Olympic title bout against the late Ed Sanders at Helsinki in 1952 he was thrown into immediate disgrace in the eyes of proud Swedes everywhere. Yet today, just six years after the Helsinki debacle, Johansson is an established Swedish idol who enjoys national popularity on a par with Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman and even the King himself.

This violent reversal of public opinion, accomplished through gruelling work, inborn talent, raw guts and enormous self-confidence will forever remain the crowning highlight of Johansson's career even if he succeeds in achieving his ultimate goal — winning the world's heavyweight championship.

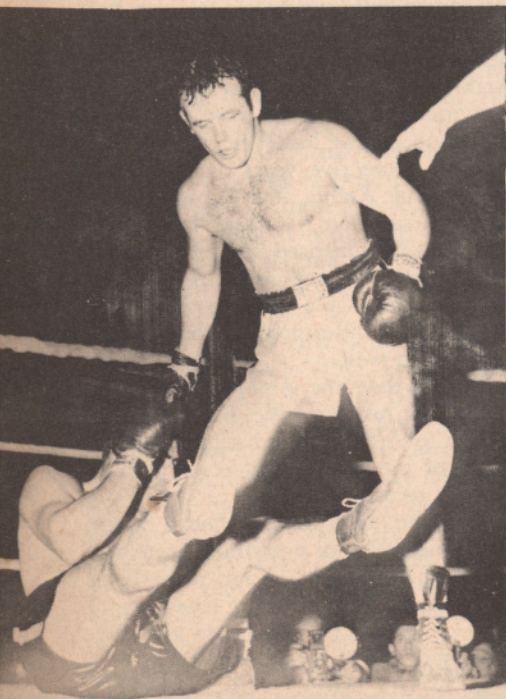
"To be disgraced in the eyes of your own people," the handsome fighter said morbidly, "is far worse than dying. Perhaps you Americans do not feel as strongly about it as we Europeans do."

Johansson clawed his way to the top. With a fierce determination driving him on he made mincemeat of all Europe's heavyweights. He seemed to be in a class by himself every time he stepped into the ring. He ruined the Italian Franco Cavicchi, in 1956 when he won the European heavyweight championship. He almost slugged the life out of England's Henry Cooper at Stockholm in defense of his title, and he was like a savage at Goteborg, Sweden last July when he annihilated Germany's hulking Heinz Neuhaus. (continued on page 59)

Johansson is handsome, smooth-muscled adonis who boxes expertly and hits with authority. He is considered best European heavyweight in last 30 years.

by JACK WILSON

The author is a distinguished boxing writer and intimate friend of Johansson.



In one of Johansson's rare fights outside Sweden, he knocked out Franco Cavicchi in 13th rd. at Bologna, Italy.



After stopping British heavyweight king Joe Erskine at Goteborg in 13 rounds, Johansson is congratulated by fans.

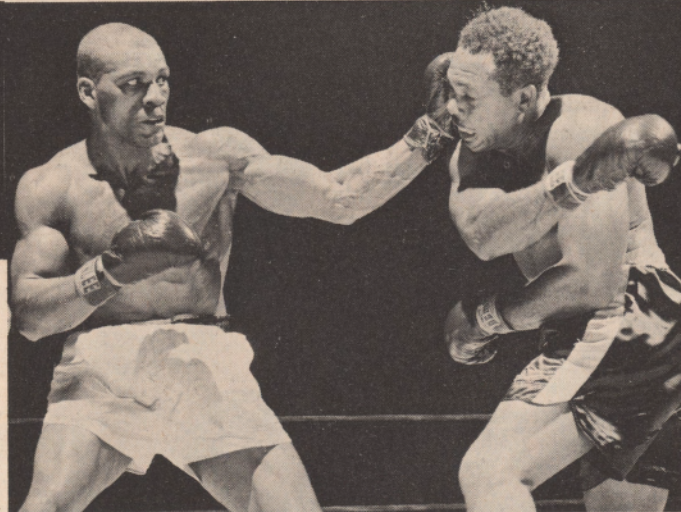




Archie ducks under Rocky's wild haymaker in 5th round of heavyweight championship bout.

- WHO IS THE BEST MAN YOU EVER FOUGHT?
- WHO WAS THE HARDEST HITTER?
- WAS MARCIANO A GREAT FIGHTER?
- WHY ARE YOU MAD AT RAY ROBINSON?

These and many other provocative questions are answered by the light heavyweight champion in this exclusive article written by the man who knows Archie better than anyone.



Harold Johnson, left, was far ahead on points in title fight with Moore. But Archie came through with kayo in 14th.



Archie, left, failed in second bid for heavyweight crown when Floyd Patterson stopped him at Chicago in five rounds.

by DAVE GREGG

Sports Editor, The Joplin Globe, Joplin, Mo.

Jazz buff, publicist, author, promoter, manager, teacher, entrepreneur, American-Indian authority, world traveler, tireless student, and expert on all things pertaining to the art of self defense. Archibald Lee Moore is a multi-faceted individual, perhaps the most interesting champion boxing has ever known.

After some five years of association with artful Archie, the superannuated sage of sockdom, I have long since ceased to be surprised at the seemingly endless achievements of this truly remarkable man. He has the intriguing depth and limitlessness of the "Blues" he loves so well.

During the time Archie and I collaborated on his secret diet book, "Moore Health to All", pugilism's hardy perennial sent me his thoughts on the book via tape recording.

On these tapes, the San Diego Squire stated his views on everything from rice dishes to Rademacher, from parenthood to Patterson. The following taped quotes serve, I think, to illuminate the personality of the man that time forgot:

Q. WHAT ARE YOUR CURRENT BOXING PLANS?

Author Gregg and light-heavyweight champ Moore. 10 years of friendship.



IN THE OPINION OF ARCHIE MOORE

A: "Although I've been in boxing for nearly a quarter of a century, I'm not looking back over my shoulder. Boxing has been good to me, you understand, but many things have eluded me: the Hickok belt, the "Fighter of the Year Award", and the richest prize in boxing, the world heavyweight championship. I'm going to bend every effort toward attaining these goals before I even think about retiring.

"Why should I think of retiring? As long as my body is capable of doing what my brain tells it to, there's no reason for me to retire."

Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TODAY'S CROP OF RINGMEN?

A: "You can count the really accomplished boxers active today on the fingers of one hand. Unless emergency measures are taken, boxing will soon be deader than the dodo bird. There aren't enough competent teachers and trainers around now. The good prospects are thrown in over their heads and are knocked off before they can get started.

"Nowadays they toss boys into main events who aren't even capable amateurs. They get punched out before they learn

what it's all about. I spent years studying and perfecting one punch — the left jab. I used to hold heavy flat irons in my hands and shadow box 'til my arms felt like they were going to drop off — then I shadow boxed some more. Today's kids do their road work in convertibles and consider an hour in the gym a great personal sacrifice.

"I would advise any youngster who isn't prepared to dedicate his life to boxing 24 hours a day to stay out of it. The good Lord gave us wonderful bodies that are governed by an amazingly intricate instrument called the brain. He didn't intend for the brain to be abused. Every time a man takes a solid punch to the head he risks cerebral damage. If the day ever comes that I can't avoid punishment, that'll be the day I quit boxing."

Q. HOW DO TODAY'S BOXING MANAGERS COMPARE WITH THE OLD TIME RING PILOTS?

A: "I never knock anybody if I can help it, but most of today's managers aren't on a par with old timers, like my late manager Jimmy Johnston, the famed "Boy Bandit". There are entirely too

many unqualified men trying to perform the eminently-complex duties of managing a professional fighter.

"Many of these cloak-and-suitors turned boxing experts do incalculable harm. They ruin their kids by over-matching them, and they cheat the public, unintentionally or otherwise, with inferior matches.

"Because of these men and their fellow incompetents among trainers and promoters, boxing today is at the nadir of its existence."

Q: WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?

A: "I don't pretend to have in my possession a boxing panacea; but during the hours of countless training grinds, intercontinental plane hops, and barnstorming tours, I've had time to ponder the ills that plague the profession which has given me everything.

"Over the years these thoughts have crystallized and I have what I think are the reforms most needed. First and foremost the boxers themselves must have the protection of a union similar to that of the baseball players. Fighters,

(continued on next page)

IN THE OPINION OF ARCHIE MOORE—*continued*

for the most part, are easy marks for the sharp practices of unscrupulous promoters and managers.

"The average fighter is in his early twenties; he has no business acumen. A union governed by knowledgeable boxing men could make great strides in rectifying the wrongs perpetrated by the fringe element of dishonest boxing practitioners.

"I have long espoused the cause of this union and will continue to do everything in my power to make it a reality. Recently, I challenged Ray Robinson to fight me. I would be willing to turn over an ample portion of the purse I would receive for the match to expedite such a union, and, if asked, I would gladly devote my time to the organizational problems of such a body."

Q. WHAT ARE YOUR REASONS FOR WANTING TO FIGHT ROBINSON?

A: "Some years back, Ray was booked to box a fellow named George (Sugar) Costner. Ray is supposed to have told Costner that there was only room for one 'Sugar' in boxing, and then Ray

flattened him in the first round. Well, I can appreciate Ray's feelings about another fellow taking his name. I feel the same way about him when I hear the sportswriters call him the "Old Master" and the greatest boxer of his time.

"If anybody is, I'm the "Old Master."

"I want to box Ray to prove I'm a better ring technician than he is. I've always taken pride in my profession, and I can't abide letting anybody say Ray is my superior. Ray's a good fighter, but I believe I'm better. If I can get him in the ring with me, I know the myth of his invincibility will be exploded. When Maxim stopped Sugar, they claimed he melted from the heat. Heat wouldn't have anything to do with the outcome if I get him into the ring.

"I don't have anything at all against Ray personally. Matter of fact, I have a lot of respect for him. I guess the thing I like most about him is his drawing power. If he'll agree to box me, I know we'll set a new attendance record. We'd fill any arena in the country; and the closed circuit TV and film rights,

both here and abroad, would make us both rich. Ray doesn't hate money, and I'm hoping he'll accept my offer."

Q: WHO IS THE TOUGHEST MAN YOU EVER FACED?

A: "You probably think I'll say Rocky Marciano or Floyd Patterson, but if I did, it wouldn't be so. During my two decades in boxing, I've met better fighters than either one. If you pinned me down, I'd say Eddie Booker or Charley Burley were the roughest men I've ever tackled. I won't say which man was the best. They were both great. Both of them could kill you with a punch from any angle and they could move. They had different styles, but they were both real pros in every sense of the word.

"There were other great ones. Holman Williams was harder to hit than anybody you see around today. Lloyd Marshall was real shifty and a murderous puncher. Jack Chase had all around ability. I learned something from every one of them.

"Speaking of punchers, I don't want
(continued on page 60)

Loser Moore, left, and still champion Rocky Marciano immediately after 1955 fight in New York City. Archie more than held his own during early rounds and dropped Rocky with sizzling hook. But Marciano's tremendous stamina was deciding factor.





JACK JOHNSON

THE JACK JOHNSON STORY

Biography of the former heavyweight champion. By Tony Van den Bergh. 144 pages. Illustrated. Published by Hamilton & Co. (Stafford), Ltd. London. Price: 50 cents.

From England comes one of the best buys in fistic literature this observer has ever seen. Van den Bergh, a former inspector with the British Boxing Board of Control and a leading radio and TV ring commentator, has written a fast moving, stirring yarn of one of the most skillful fighters the world has ever known.

Starting with Johnson's poverty-stricken early days on the humid waterfront of Galveston, the author masterfully traces his subject's life and career through victory, fame, vilification and inevitable defeat, right to that June night in 1946, when on a lonely road in North Carolina the great ex-champion was crushed to death beneath his overturned automobile.

It is difficult for today's fight fans to understand the savage animosity that accompanied the career of Jack Johnson. By becoming the first Negro heavyweight champion, Johnson destroyed the myth of white supremacy, and so was reviled and attacked wherever he appeared. No fighter ever faced such a fury of abuse and threats as did the controversial ring genius.

There is little doubt that Jack Johnson did much to earn the wrath heaped upon him during his reign as champion. But for all of that he occupies an enduring niche in pugilism's Hall of Fame.

In **THE JACK JOHNSON STORY**, Tony Van den Bergh minces no words in relating the late champion's penchant for wine, women and high living. The author's account of Jack's bouts against Jeffries and Ketchel are masterpieces in fight reporting, and his word portrait of the Willard debacle will give the reader a ringside seat in that oven-hot Havana stadium.

THE BOOK SHELF

BY ROBERT J. THORNTON

If certain parts of the book appear to smack of fiction, let's remember that every author is entitled to a little literary license. And if it makes for more interesting reading, who is to complain? Whether he used literary license or not, Tony Van den Bergh has come up with one of the most gripping sagas of fisticana to hit the bookstalls in many a year.

FORWARD THE LIGHT-HEAVIES

Complete story of the 175-pound division. By Freddie Mills, former world's lightweight champion. 224 pages. Illustrated. Published by Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. London. Price: \$2.10.

This is the first book devoted exclusively to professional boxing's lightweight division . . . the cruiserweight class. There was a time when the 'Fancy' recognized only three fighting weights — heavy, middle and light. It was inevitable that such a general categorizing of bruisers would result in unequal matches. For this reason, other weight divisions evolved, and among these, in the early 1900's, was the lightweight class, with a maximum limitation of 175 pounds.

FORWARD THE LIGHT-HEAVIES is a stirring cavalcade of the many ring celebrities whose achievements make up the fistic history of the division in which the author himself, earned world renown. The pages of this engrossing book bristle with colorful characters: Georges Carpentier; the singular Senegalese, Battling Siki; Mike McTigue; the clown prince, Maxie Rosenbloom; Jack Delaney and many others. The old con artist, Lou Houseman, generally accepted as the 'father' of the cruiserweight class, hasn't been forgotten either. This intrepid individual was a Chicago newspaper columnist who doubled in brass as a boxing manager and occasional promoter. The pride of Houseman's stable was one Jack Root, an Austrian immigrant who'd done pretty well as a middle-weight. Unfortunately, Root was getting a little too plump for the 160-



FREDDIE MILLS

pound class and it looked as though he'd have to start tangling with the heavyweights. And with ponderous Jim Jeffries reigning as king of the big 'uns, the fistic firm of Houseman and Root faced, at best, a bleak future.

How the agile mind of Root's mentor came up with a perfect solution — the creation of a new weight class, tailor made to the specifications of his tiger, is told here with adroitness and humor.

FORWARD THE LIGHT-HEAVIES is a worthy addition to fisticana's library.

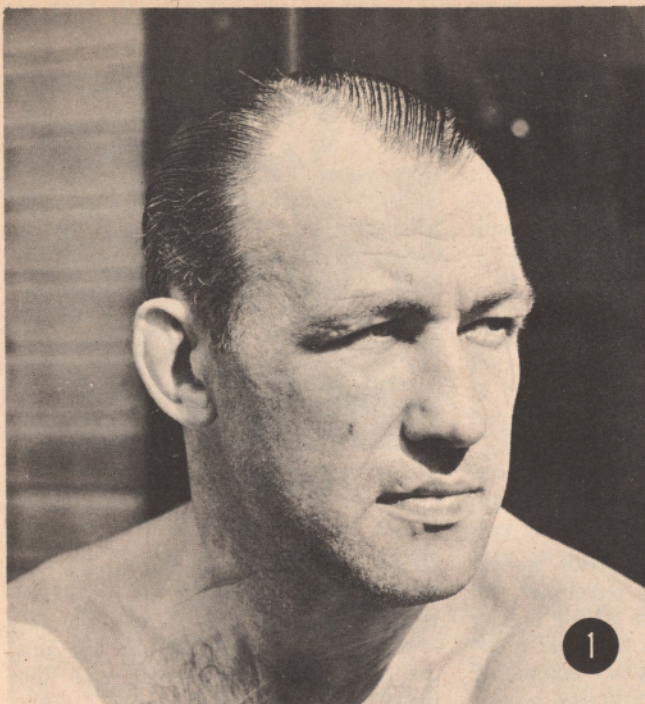
THE SWEET SCIENCE

Boxing and boxiana — a ringside view. By A. J. Liebling. 306 pages. Published by The Viking Press, New York and by The MacMillan Co., Canada. Price: \$3.95.

Here is a rich chronicle of American prize-fighting in our time; a fine and cunning piece of Americana, both for those who admire the sweet science of boxing and those who delight in the perhaps sweeter science of good writing.

For some readers the many and marvelously detailed accounts of specific fights will be the most memorable parts of this book. Others will be more entertained and enlightened by visits to the training camps, the liniment and sweat-soaked dressing rooms and the musty gymnasiums; or by meeting the off-duty fighters themselves and those who play supporting roles in the great drama of the prize ring — the managers, the seconds, the handlers and the hangers on. The sight, sound and smell of the great arenas . . . the roar of the blood-thirsty crowd and the thudding of leather against flesh complete the picture painted by this engrossing narrative.

Mr. Liebling, an experienced journalist and foreign correspondent, has many highly regarded books to his credit. But in **THE SWEET SCIENCE** he has achieved what can well be considered his literary peak to date. Truly an outstanding addition to our boxing bookshelf.



YOU BE THE JUDGE

MATCH QUESTION NUMBER TO THE PHOTO NUMBER

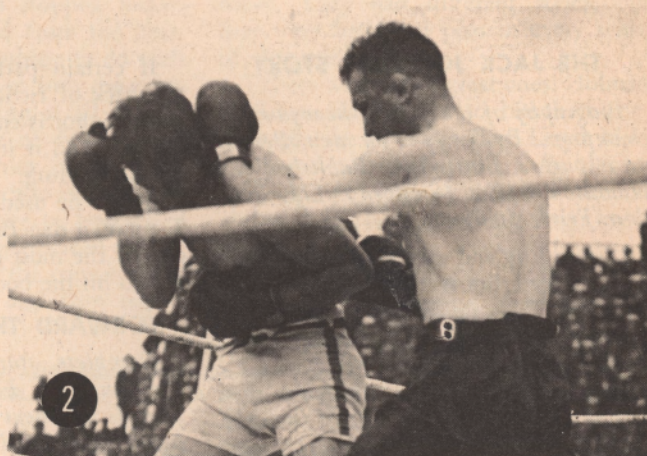
PHOTO 1 — True or false: Jack Sharkey succeeded Gene Tunney as world heavyweight champion.

PHOTO 2 — Fading French idol Georges Carpentier, left, taking terrific beating from St. Paul boxing master.

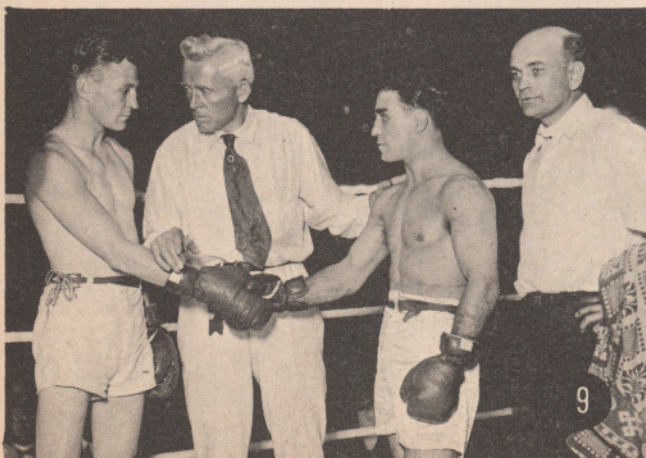
PHOTO 3 — Rocky Graziano misses vicious punch aimed at one of the greatest left hook artists of all time, the late

PHOTO 4 — Battling Nelson relaxes in training camp where he prepared for bout in which he won the lightweight championship. From whom did he win title?

PHOTO 5 — Badly battered and unable to continue, giant Jess Willard sits in corner as conqueror Luis Firpo comes over to console him. Was this Willard's last fight?



Here are ten photographs and a question pertaining to each one. Look them over carefully and jot down your answers. Then turn to the answers and add up your score. Credit yourself with 10 points for each correct answer. A score of 60 is passing, 70 is good, 80 or more is excellent.



ANSWERS ON PAGE 52

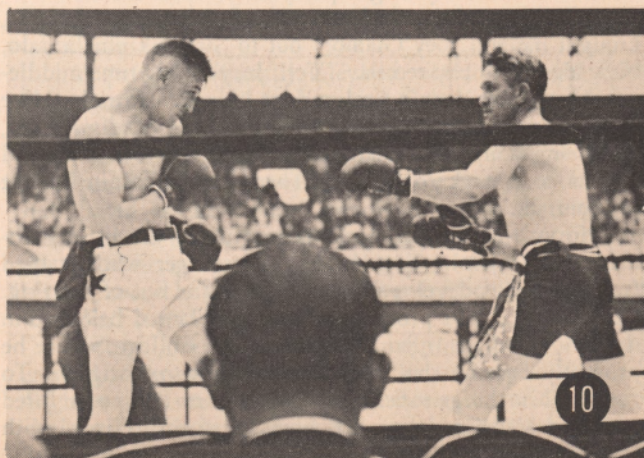
PHOTO 6 — Although his face is swollen horribly out of shape after fight with Freddie Mills in London, you should be able to recognize ex-ligtheavyweight champ

PHOTO 7 — Tony Zale, right, makes desperate but unsuccessful effort to save his middleweight championship from

PHOTO 8 — True or false: the first Primo Carnera—Jack Sharkey fight was a non-title bout won by Sharkey.

PHOTO 9 — Joe Welling, left, a great fighter who never received full recognition, prior to start of winning bout with

PHOTO 10 — The 16-year career of Johnny Kilbane, right, ended when he was stopped by





Scanlon, who is student at San Francisco City College, is extremely popular. With pretty coeds as background he poses for publicity photo. He hopes to earn master's degree.

Any oldtimer will tell you that for all its present day ills and complaints, there is nothing wrong with the fight game that one good Irish scrapper can't fix in a hurry. Well, there's a baby-faced young fist-fighter out of San Francisco who seems to fill the bill. He's good — he's Irish — and he's one helluva scrapper. He's Bobby Scanlon.

This 22-year old, 135-pounder, whose cherubic countenance brings back vivid memories of Jimmy McLarnin, has racked up thirty wins in thirty-one outings. The sole blemish (if it can be called that) on Scanlon's record occurred in his fifth professional start — a draw with one Frankie Madison. But in a return bout with Madison, Bobby set things straight by winning easily.

Today the snub-nosed kid, who looks more like a choirboy than a professional pug, is one of the world's top ranked lightweights, with successive and convincing wins over such toughies as Bobby Rogers, Gale Kerwin and Joey Lopes. But it wasn't too long ago that Scanlon seriously considered quitting the punch-for-pay business, despite an unbeaten record and sparkling performances that tabbed him as an unusually bright prospect.

"My manager at the time, Mike Scanlon (no relation), brought me and Joey Giambra out to 'Frisco from Buffalo, New York," Bobby recalls. "Well, Joey's a big time middle-weight an' I'm just a preliminary kid, so naturally Mike didn't have much time for me. I got kind of dissatisfied, and being homesick an' all, I was ready to chuck it all and hit the road back to Buffalo. Then Art Benjamin bought my contract."

From then on, things broke right for the little Irishman. In Benjamin, Scanlon had a manager who devoted full time to his development — both in and out of the ring. On his new pilot's prompting, the transplanted belter from the East enrolled in San Francisco's City College, where he promptly became the idol of the bobby-sox brigade. To further his charge's fistic education, Art Benjamin hired ex-boxer Vic Grupico as Bobby's personal trainer, with orders to "make a champion out of him!"

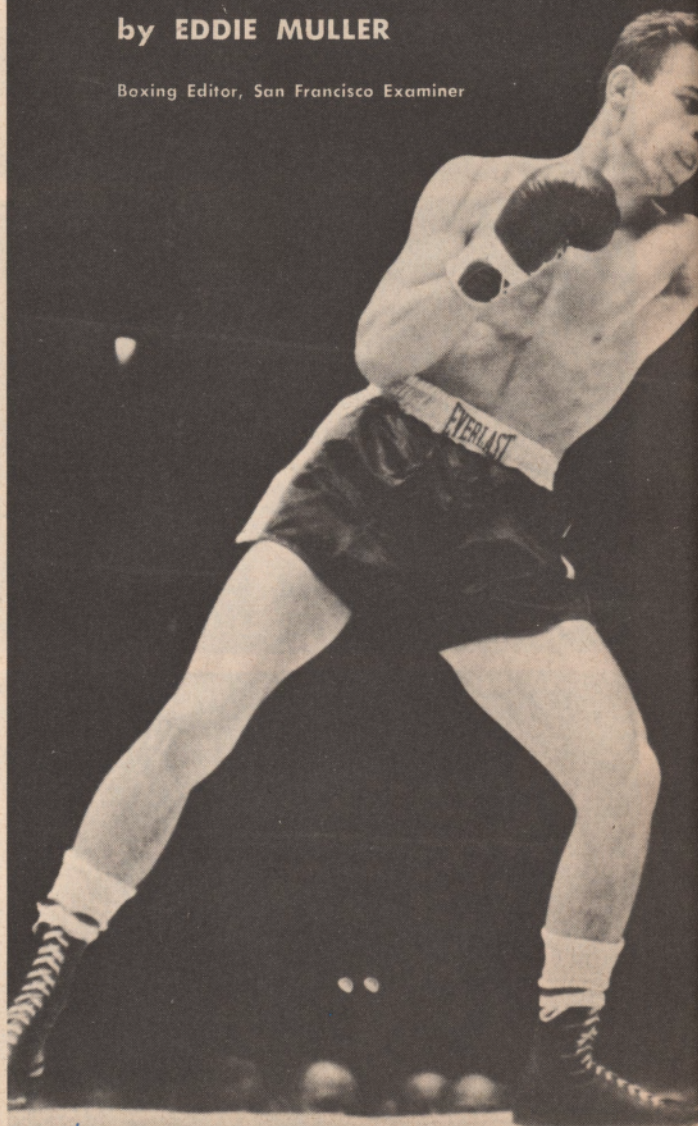
FACE OF HEART OF

BOBBY

When the bell rings this baby-faced ring becomes a jungle where anything

by **EDDIE MULLER**

Boxing Editor, San Francisco Examiner

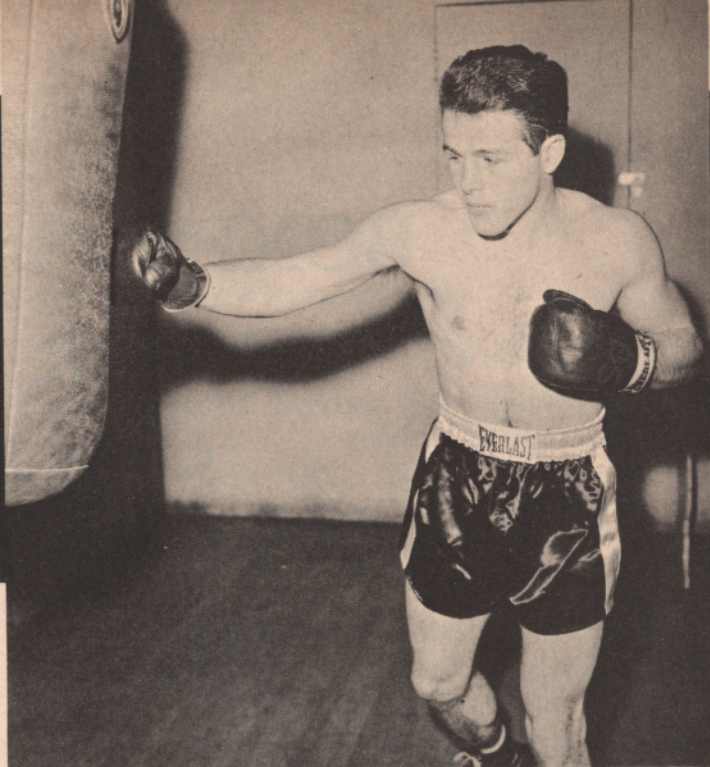
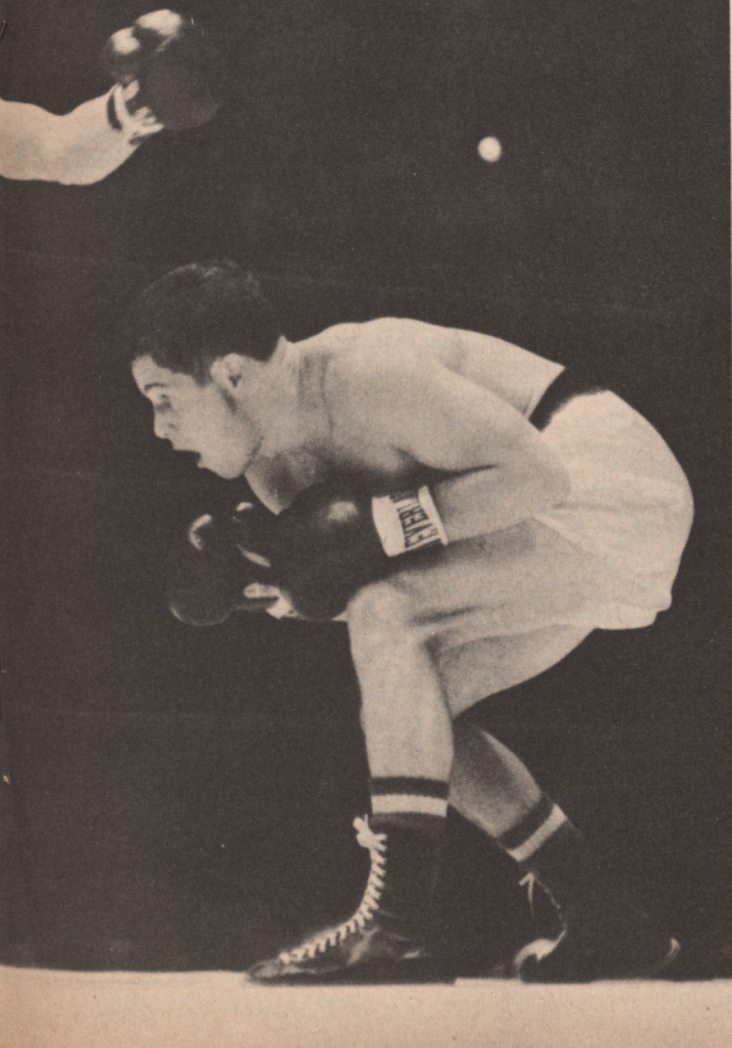


AN ANGEL A KILLER

SCANLON

ishman turns into a raging wildcat. The
oes and only one thing counts—VICTORY!

Scanlon, right, made Garden star bout
debut last July by winning easy deci-
sion over Gale Kerwin. It was Bobby's
30th straight victory as a professional.



Bobby is savage two-fisted slugger who likes to tear away
at opponent's body. He claims most fighters make the
mistake of centering their attacks at foe's heads.

Bobby's first start under the Benjamin banner was
against "Hellcat" Jack Parelli in Richmond, California.
The manner in which the Choir Boy tamed the Hellcat
within seven hectic rounds convinced Benjamin that Scanlon
was ready for bigger game. So he began dickering for a shot
at former lightweight king, Wallace "Bud" Smith.

When the match was made, the local press promptly
lambasted Benjamin for overmatching his fighter.

"Sure, Smith is over the hill," wrote the experts, "but
he's a seasoned pro with nine years experience against the
best around. That's just too much ring savvy for any kid.
Even if the kid IS Irish."

So what happens? Scanlon gave Smith a frightful
lacing and stopped him in the 10th.

San Francisco had the festive air of St. Paddy's day
that night—the Irish whiskey flowed and skulls were
split. Not since the heyday of the fabled Jimmy McLarnin
had the wearers o' the green been so jubilant—or had more
cause to exult. And best of all, their new hero spoke with
a brogue!

In his next joust, the 5-5" Scanlon clawed another
former lightweight champion, Lauro Salas, while breezing
to an easy decision.

A pair of nationally televised victories—over Bobby
Rogers in the Chicago Stadium and Gale Kerwin in Madison
Square Garden—focused national attention on the young-
ster. The Kerwin victory was particularly impressive. Shorter
by three inches and outweighed by five pounds, Scanlon all
but chased his bewildered opponent out of the ring with
his furious attack . . . a marked contrast to the somewhat
fancy-dan technique he'd used in previous battles. In the
second round a solid right to Kerwin's chin dropped the
Canadian for an eight-count.

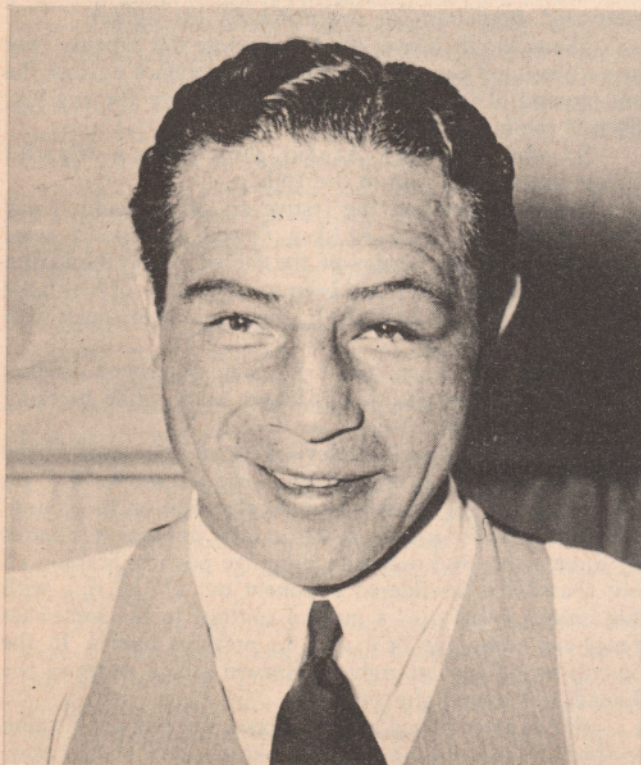
When interviewed after this bout, the jubilant Scanlon
gushed: "I'm winning and I'd like to keep it that way.
Right now I want to get rated among the first 10 in my
division. I'm only 22 years old and I've got a big future.
Maybe I'm not ready for Joe Brown yet, but give me six

(continued on page 62)

BOXING'S TENDER SIDE

Fighting is a rough and brutal business, which, undoubtedly, is why it appeals to so many fans. But it also has its moments of tenderness. And these heartwarming incidents sometimes involve the most vicious killers in this savage business.

For instance, there was the night in 1935 when Max Baer was taking a solid drubbing from underdog Jimmy Braddock, and when with each passing second, Max's precious world heavyweight championship was slipping farther and farther away. During one of the late rounds busy as he was, trying to keep Braddock from knocking his head off, Baer noticed a sudden commotion in the press box. Maneuvering himself over for a closer view, Max saw that Harry Smith, an old sports writer friend from San Francisco, was slumped over his typewriter and other writers nearby were desperately trying to revive him.



Max Baer the day after he lost his title to Jimmy Braddock. Few people watching bout realized the sacrifice he made.



When Jack Blackburn, left, told Louis he couldn't go into the ring with him that night, Joe made a solemn promise.

When the round ended Baer asked his manager, Ancil Hoffman, what happened to Smith.

"Looks like he had a heart attack," Hoffman said.

"Send Izzy over to help, he'll know what to do," the fighter ordered. The Izzy he referred to was Izzy Kline, his chief second and the most important man in his corner.

Hoffman protested. "You're fighting for your title you wild man. You can't let Izzy go away at a time like this. Harry'll get the best of attention."

"He's a friend, and I want to help him," Max insisted. "Either send Kline over, or I'll go myself."

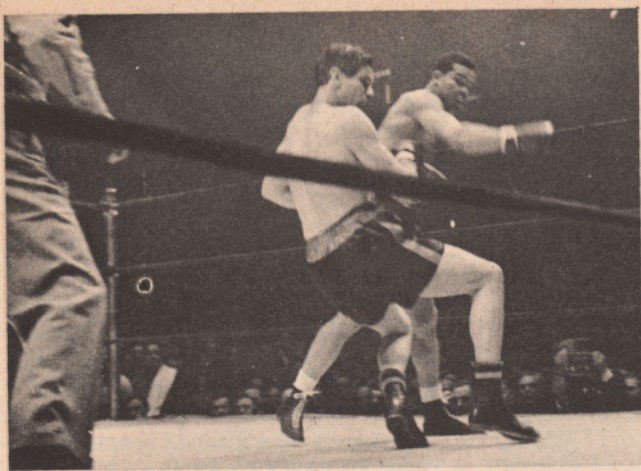
Needless to say, Kline went to Smith's side and was most helpful in assisting Harry to recover. Big, tough, self-centered Max Baer is a funny guy to display tenderness, especially when he was fighting for his own ring life and championship, but there you are.

There was never a more tender, unwavering and devoted relationship than that which existed between Joe Louis and the man who molded him into a great champion, Jack Blackburn. All through the years, from the dirty, backroom gyms in Detroit to the wonderful championship days it was Louis and Blackburn, the winningest combination in boxing history. From the day they first met, Joe called his friend and teacher "Chappie." It was kind of a pet name, one that held a very special meaning for both of them.

Every time Louis fought, Chappie was the "Gibraltar" of Joe's corner. It was he who decided the strategy, controlled the pace and sparked the flame.

Now it was a cold, snowy night in January, 1942 in New York City. Louis was on furlough from the Army to defend his heavyweight championship against big Buddy Baer for Navy relief. This was a return match between the dreaded Brown Bomber and Max Baer's kid brother. The year before, in Washington, D. C., Buddy came within a fraction of an inch of blasting Joe off his golden throne. In the sixth round of that epic struggle, Baer knocked Louis clear over the top ring rope and sent him sprawling on the apron of the ring. Had the booming hook that upset the champion landed a trifle lower it would have finished him. But as it was, Joe managed to right himself in time and go on to save his title.

As the excited crowd which filled every available inch of space in Madison Square Garden shifted impatiently through the semi-final, Louis' entourage of managers and seconds painstakingly readied their multi-million dollar property for the important return bout. Co-manager Julian Black checked the champion's specially tailored trunks for tightness around the waist. A second filled the water



Vicious Louis right sends Buddy Baer crashing to floor in 1st round of title fight in N. Y.'s Madison Sq. Garden.

bucket with fresh ice while another cut deep X's across the soles of Joe's shoes to insure proper traction with the ring canvas.

Meanwhile, sitting on the edge of the leather-covered rubbing table, Chappie Blackburn held his head in his hands. He looked pale and drawn and his whole body trembled as one does after suffering a stroke. A few weeks before, and unknown to Louis, Blackburn had been stricken with a heart attack in Chicago. The effects of that attack combined with the vigorous training grind had taken its toll on the old man. About ten minutes before Joe was to enter the ring, Blackburn slid over next to the champion and put his arm around his shoulder. "Joe, baby," he said in a slow, husky voice, "I don't think I can make it up them steps tonight. You gotta do it alone."

Louis was visibly shocked. He had never fought as a professional without Chappie in there to tell him what to do. He gazed down at the tired old Negro and gently touched his bandaged hand to cheek. "Chappie," Joe said softly, "I promise you that you won't have to climb those steps more than one time."

Without saying a word, Blackburn moved painfully to his feet. He picked up a small leather bag and began to assemble the tools of his trade; the swabs, the vaseline, the gauze and the tiny bottle of medicine used to stop the flow of blood. When he had all his paraphernalia ready to go, Chappie Blackburn looked at Louis and said: "I'm sure I can make it up them steps just once."

Louis was true to his word. In the very first round he pole-axed 250 pound Buddy Baer with a thundering right to the jaw that nearly tore the giant's head off. At 2:56 Baer was counted out. When the fight was over Louis went immediately to Blackburn who cut off his gloves as he always did. But now the usual air of jubilation that goes with victory was strangely missing. When Chappie picked up his head and shook Joe's hand, his eyes were clouded with tears. He knew he would never again see his masterpiece in action. Three months later, old Chappie died peacefully in his sleep and for the first time in his career, Joe Louis felt all alone.

Sometimes what appears to be brutality is actually a peculiar kind of sympathy — the hard, cold sympathy of the prize ring. Such was the case one afternoon in Benton Harbor, Michigan when Jack Dempsey seemed to be trying to murder nice guy Billy Miske. Miske, of course, in the pathetic condition he was in, had no business being in the same ring with the savage Dempsey. Dempsey, the champion, knew it. Miske knew it, and the crowd knew it, too. But Jack didn't take the fight because he considered it a soft touch, an easy payday. He took it to help

Some of the ring's most
savage killers were actually
tender-hearted human beings. Here
is a part of boxing few people see.

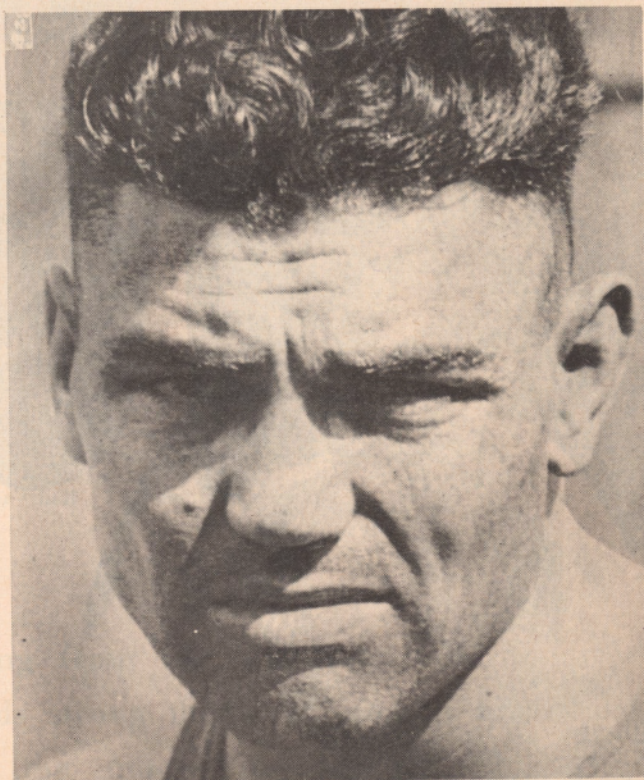
by MICHAEL A. GLICK

Miske who was dying of consumption and who had no money to support his family or take care of himself.

Never able to pull a punch or carry an opponent, Dempsey, probably the most vicious killer the ring has ever known, decided to use the same principle they use in a slaughter house — get it over with as quickly as possible. He knew that Miske, an enormously proud and courageous man, would keep fighting as long as there was an ounce of strength in his body. So Dempsey did the best he could, he knocked the dying man out in the third round.

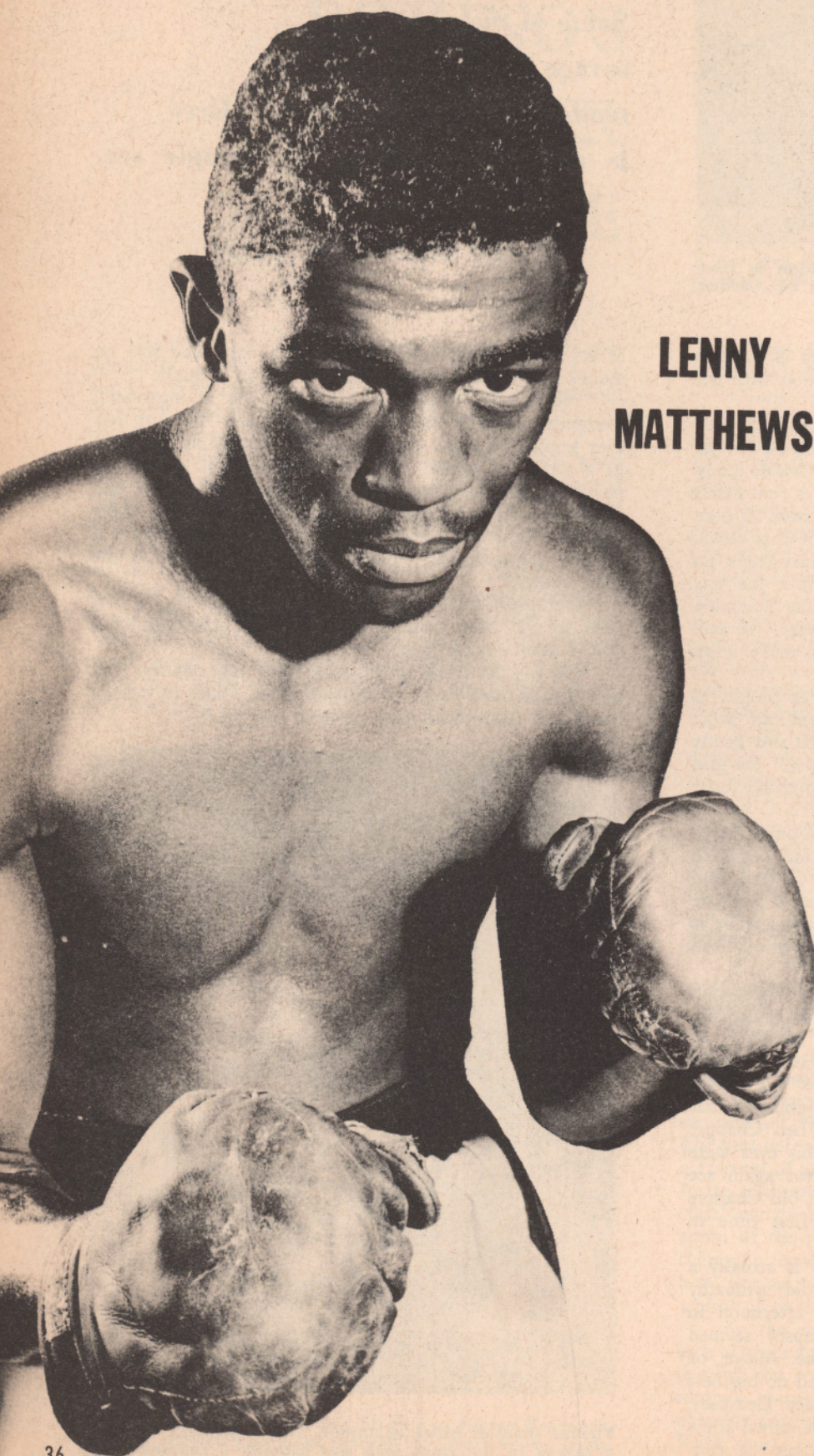
Dempsey never talked about the Miske fight, not even in the later years long after Billy was dead. But Miske never forgot Jack's favor.

On his deathbed he gasped: "Tell Jack thanks. Tell him thanks from Billy." Ring tenderness comes in strange forms and from those least expected to give it.



Vicious snarl of killer champion Jack Dempsey. Although a savage in the ring, Jack was actually a sentimentalist.

BOXING'S MILLION DOLLAR



**LENNY
MATTHEWS**

The fight game grapevine was buzzing with tales of a superman down in Philadelphia who was supposed to be the greatest thing since the invention of the left hook. Not only were the grapevine wires overloaded, jungle drums were beating and smoke signals were being sent up about the prowess of this publicly unknown lightweight. He could, they said, punch with the explosive power of an Aurelio Herrera, box with the consummate skill of a Sammy Mandell, absorb punches with the indifference of a Joe Grim and think like Benny Leonard. This man, it was said, looked like a young Ray Robinson.

This we had to see. So we — Stanley Weston, a photographer and I — went to the Nonpareil Gymnasium in Philadelphia to see this paragon work out on his home grounds and get to know him. As we entered the immaculate gym, Stan spotted a woebegone looking, stringy kid in fight togs sitting all alone, slumped over. The only thing that seemed alive about him was his eyes. They sparkled like two immense black diamonds and seemed to size us all up and catalogue us in a single glance. "Who's that?" Stanley asked. "He looks like he belongs in a morgue, not a fight gym."

"Don't look now," said the photographer, who was a Philadelphian, "but that's Lenny Matthews, the fistic marvel you came down to see."

Within a few minutes Stanley and I both had been sold on the boy — personally. Soft-spoken, well-mannered, almost diffident, he knows his own mind and is remarkably informed, for a fighter.

"I'd like to take a course in public speaking and someday maybe become an orator," he told us.

Too nice a kid, too naive, to be a fighter, we agreed.

Just about then Matthews climbed into the ring — and we changed our minds almost as quickly as he changed his personality. This boy is a Jekyll and Hyde. The listless, diffident schoolboy becomes a roaring tiger once the gloves are laced on, even against sparmates. He stalks, he feints, he lashes out unmercifully with crushing punches and throws them in bunches like grapes.

BABY

by EDDIE BORDEN

We came away from Philadelphia convinced that in this 20-year-old we had seen one of the great fighters of all time. And nothing has happened since to change our opinion.

I first saw Matthews in a real fight the night he flattened Henry (Toothpick) Brown in the fourth round to settle a Philadelphia neighborhood rivalry. Brown gave him just enough of a battle to prove Matthews' ringmanship, punching power and ability to take a good wallop without collapsing.

The Brown victory earned Matthews a 10-round semi-final shot at Madison Square Garden against Bobby Rogers, who had appeared on TV several times. Once again, Matthews had just enough trouble against Rogers. For two rounds it was touch and go. Then Len really cut loose. He hit Rogers with everything but the referee, who, at the end of the round, discovered Bobby had a fractured jaw and ended the slaughter. Matthews was credited with a 3-round TKO.

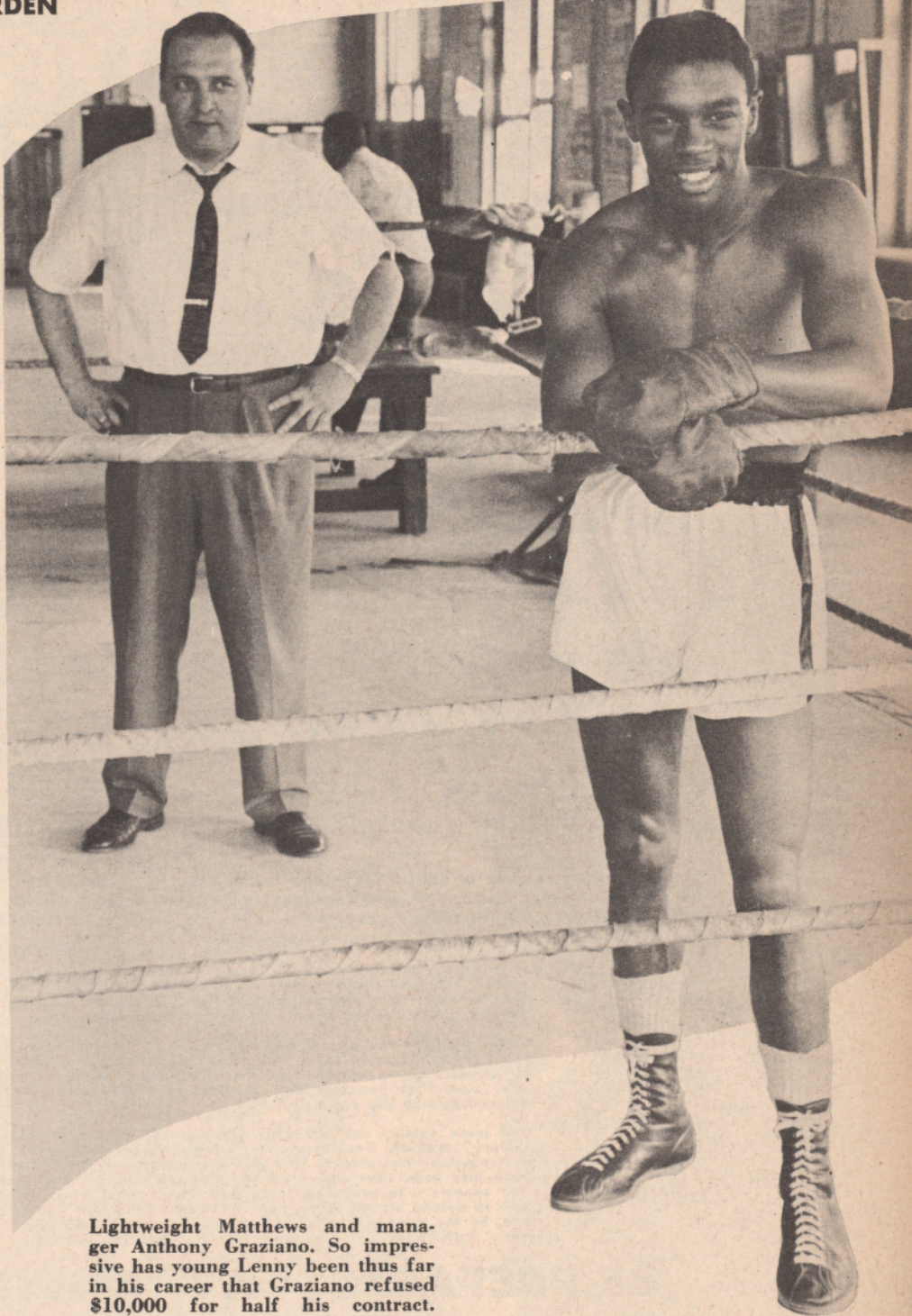
The general public got its first glimpse of Lenny when he made his TV debut at St. Nick's against Steve Ward, a rugged, experienced gamester from Hartford. Steve was fresh from a draw with Ludwig Lightburn, a ranking lightweight, and was expected to make more than a little trouble for the Philadelphia phenomenon.

He didn't. Matthews won every round handily, so handily that the spectators were soon shouting at referee Ray Miller to stop the massacre. The commission doctor, Alexander Schiff who knows his business thoroughly, examined Ward on three occasions between rounds, but allowed the bout to continue. Matthews took matters completely into his own hands in the ninth when he dropped Ward with a series of some of the fastest and most effective combination wallops ever seen in America's oldest fight club. Miller decided nothing more could be proved by allowing the fight to continue and called a halt without even bothering to count.

The victory over Ward brought Matthews' knockout record to 12 in 13 winning bouts! From now on, it probably will be considered an honor even to go the distance against Lenny.

Because of television, ill-conceived

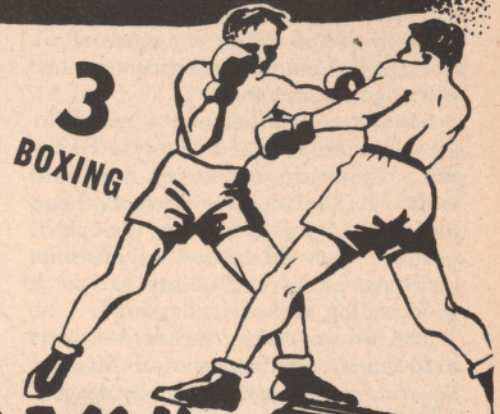
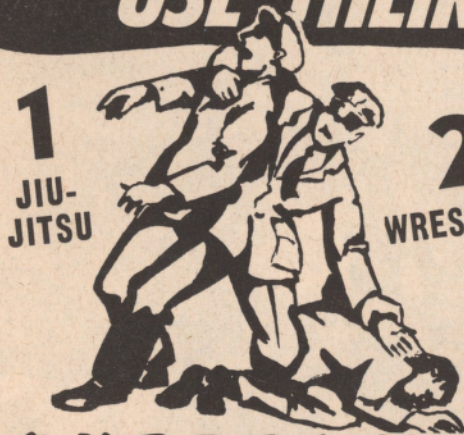
(continued on page 63)



Lightweight Matthews and manager Anthony Graziano. So impressive has young Lenny been thus far in his career that Graziano refused \$10,000 for half his contract.

Dying from box office anemia, the ring needs strong medicine. Boxing has found just the tonic it needs in Len Matthews.

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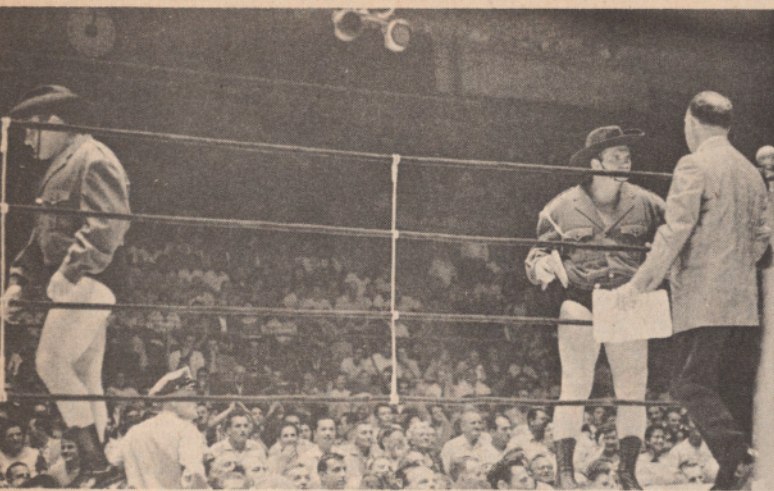
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WRESTLING'S MOST HATED VILLAINS

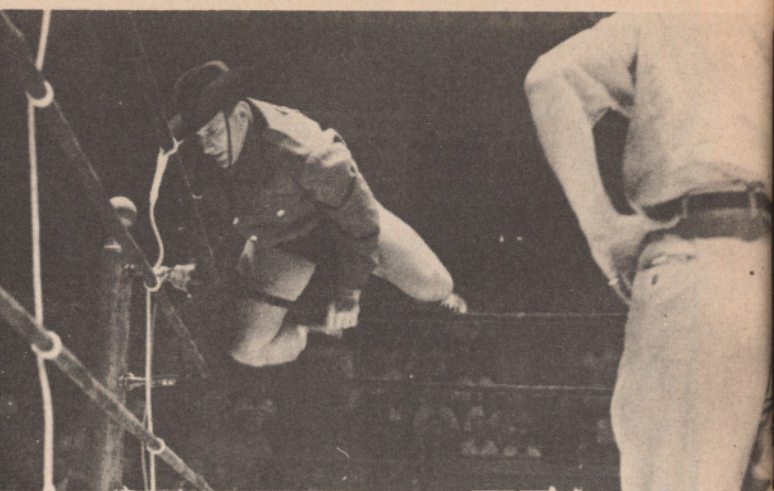
THE RIOTOUS KANGAROOS

by **EARLE F. YETTER**

SEE NEXT PAGE



When Kangaroos appear crowd becomes surly. Often bottles, ripe tomatoes and sometimes knives are tossed at them.



Al Costello, one half of the famous Kangaroos, makes spectacular entry into ring by zooming over the top rope.

Al Costello and Roy Heffernan, who call themselves the Fabulous Kangaroos, couldn't have chosen a more apt name. Once they start to work, the joint starts jumping and the customers get hopping mad.

This amazing tag team from Australia has taken New York by storm. In fact, they created the storm. In their first match against Antonino Rocca and Miguel Perez, they drew \$63,000 into the Madison Square Garden boxoffice, with at least 10,000 customers turned away. In a return bout, the Kangaroos again packed the huge arena and there were more people who couldn't buy their way into the Garden at the regular prices. Ringside seats for both matches were peddled by ticket scalpers for as much as \$50 a pair!

The ambulating Australians claim the tag team championship of the entire world, and their claim seems valid. From Singapore to Stockholm, Fiji to France, they've wrestled everywhere, defeating all comers. The only match they lost in this

country — not counting disqualifications of which they necessarily have amassed quite a few — was the second contest with Rocca and Perez. In that one they lost the first fall by disqualification and claim a too-quick count by the referee in the second fall.

Showmen of the first water, the Kangaroos have conceived quite a few novel and intriguing ways of making the customers aware they are around. They enter the ring in Australian battle garb, carrying real, life-sized hunting boomerangs. Where Commission rules permit, they scatter small boomerangs to the audience before each bout. After a match, the spectators are handed nicely printed pamphlets, telling all about the men they have just seen in action. The Kangaroos think up all their own promotional ideas which stamp them as very clever men out of, as well as in the ring.

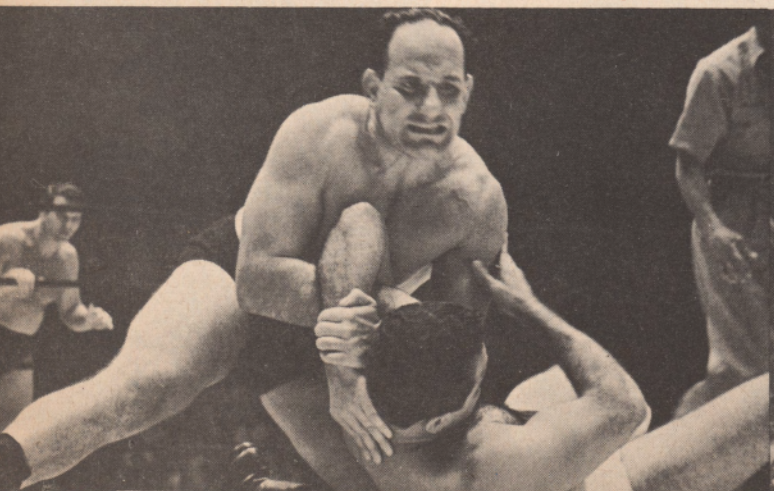
Once the bell sounds for action, the Kangaroos become just about the most determined and dangerous contestants on the mat today. They ask no quarter,

and give none. The rougher a match gets, the better they seem to like it. If an opponent commits what they consider a foul, they do not waste time complaining to the referee. They return the foul two-fold. "Down where we come from, they don't like crybabies," they will tell you. "If somebody does you harm, you don't bother to complain to someone else. You give him back the same — and more of it."

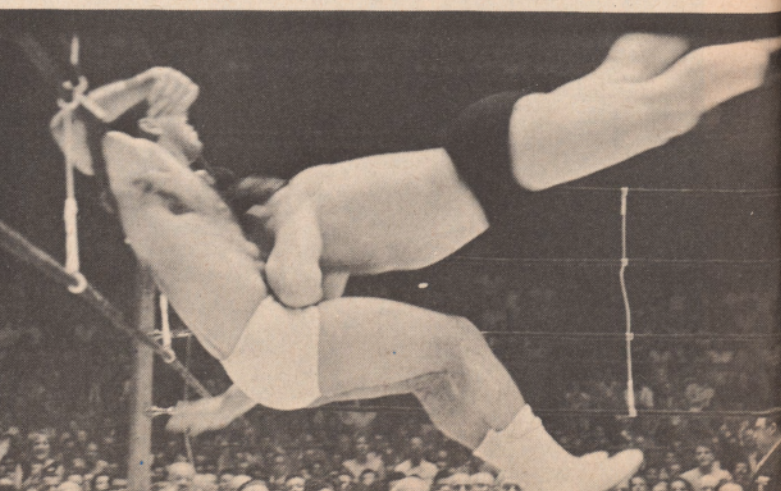
One of their most spectacular maneuvers is the Kangaroo Roll. In this bit of fast action, their victim is grabbed by the legs and bounced upright, which sounds harmless enough. The tough part of the Kangaroo roll—from the victim's standpoint—is that every time he is propped upright by one of the Kangaroos, the other smacks him in the face, knocking him down like a duck in a shooting gallery. A few times up and down like this, and the opposition usually becomes more than a bit discouraged.

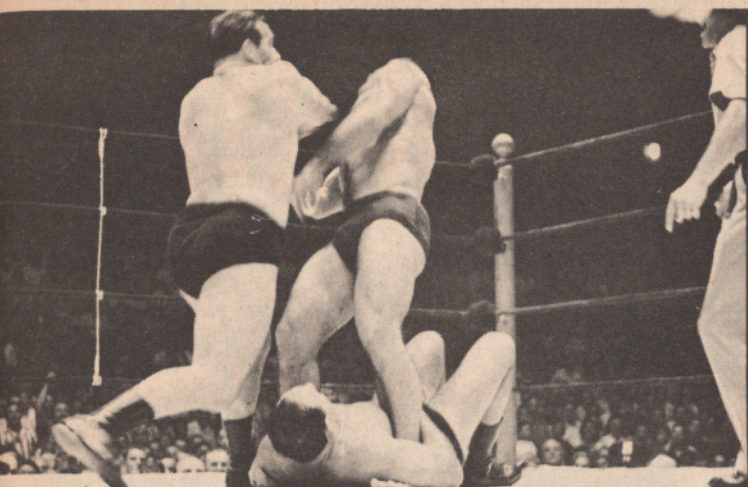
The Kangaroo Leap is another back-breaker employed by these two men from

Costello, with wrist lock on Miguel Perez, growls at infuriated crowd who constantly hurl insults at him.

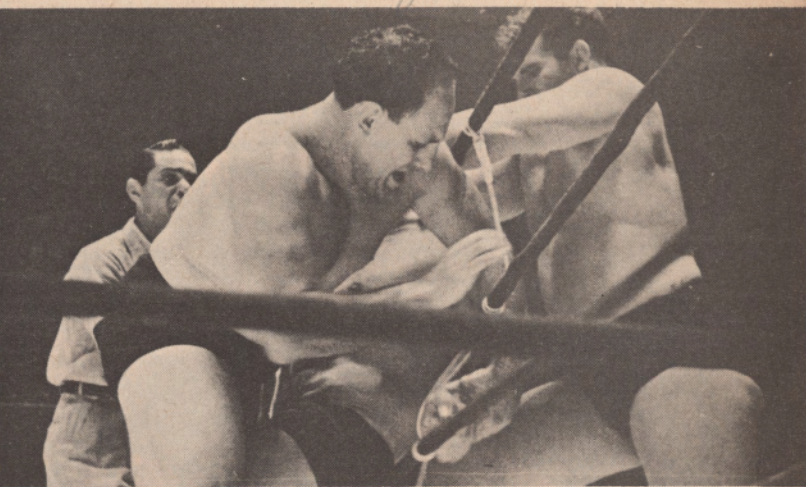


Most spectacular of all Kangaroos maneuvers is whirling body tackle. Here Heffernan knocks wind out of foe.





Favorite trick of Kangaroos is to catapult victim to upright position and then slug him. Costello is at bottom.



Big, burly Roy Heffernan, outside ring, drives knee into victim's back while his partner, Costello, gives added drive.

Down Under. In this, one member of the team — usually Heffernan — sits in the corner on the top ring ropes. The other Kangaroo then pins his man to the mat close to the corner and hops off real quick. The Australian perched high on the ropes then leaps on the stomach or back of the victim, whichever is right-side up. This has been known to make strong men weep and weak women scream with gleeful joy.

Sometimes, just for variety, Costello will grab Heffernan by the hand and fling him at the enemy the way a South American cowboy uses a *bolo* to floor cattle.

Just who are these phenomenal men? They're a couple of the nicest guys you'd want to know — outside the ring. This was a point that puzzled me, so I asked them: "How can you be so nice in your personal lives — and so all-fired mean in the ring?"

"Wrestling is a tough business," Costello explained.

"If you show weakness in the ring,

you're liable to wind up minus your head," Heffernan pointed out.

"We don't ask anyone to be gentle with us, and we're not going to take it easy with anyone when our championship and ring reputations are at stake every time we go to the post," Costello said, logically enough.

"The customers pay to see action, not drawing room manners," they both agree.

Both of the Kangaroos are well equipped physically for the rigors of unrestricted warfare such as they prefer. Heffernan started as a professional strong man. Born in the little mining village of Lithgow, New South Wales, he could lift 100 pounds when he was only nine years old. At 14 he became the strongest boy in the world his age by hoisting 395 pounds. At 18 he was Australian amateur weight lifting and wrestling champion in the lightweight division. He turned professional because he found he couldn't eat trophies.

Heffernan wrestled before 100,000 spectators in Bombay, India, winning a

draw with Dara Singh, Indian champion and holder of the Ajanta and Governor's cups. The match was filmed and shown on the screens of India for three months.

Heffernan has wrestled with great success individually and as half of a tag team, in Malaya, Ceylon, Pakistan, Iraq and South Africa. He was undefeated in England, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland. He also has appeared with success in Cyprus, Egypt and Rhodesia.

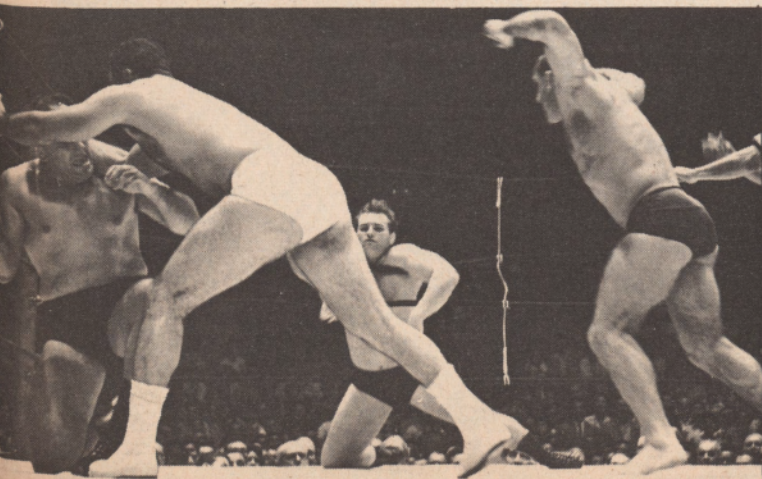
Costello is an entirely different sort of person. Born in Italy, he was christened Giacomo Costa, which was changed to Al Costello when he moved to New South Wales as a boy.

His parents hoped he would become an opera singer. While attending the Christian Brothers' College in Korgarah, New South Wales, he took lessons from a Spanish baritone who had sung in opera with Enrico Caruso.

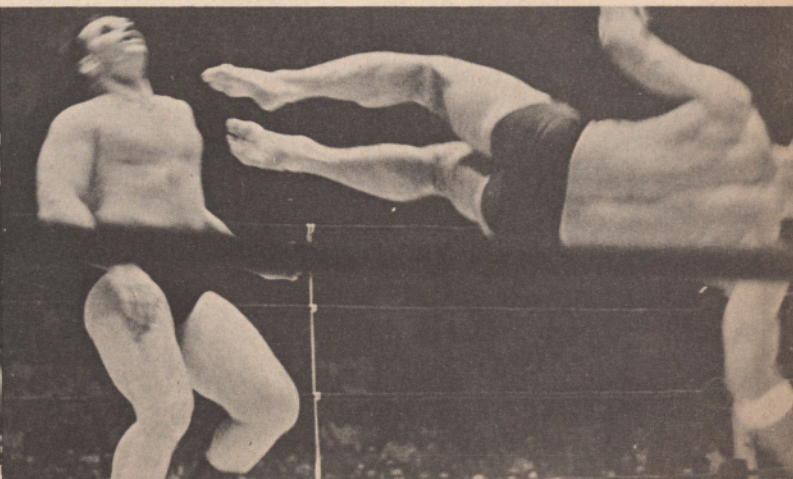
Costello was doing nicely with his singing, but even better with sports,

(concluded on next page)

Crowd is delighted when battered victims spring back to life and start mauling Kangaroos. Rocca, right, is raving mad.



Heffernan, a brilliant showman, is on receiving end of Rocca's famed dropkick. Note expression on Roy's face.



which he preferred. He was on his school cricket team, starred at the rough and tumble game of rugger and won the amateur heavyweight boxing championship of the Wimmera district of Victoria.

Costello, a man of varied and good taste, also had a profound liking for art, which he studied in the hopes of making it a career. After a couple of other false starts and a setback brought about by the big depression of the 1930s, he decided to make sports his profession. He abandoned boxing for weight lifting and wrestling, winning several championships at each.

In his varied and colorful career Al has been a bouncer in a Sydney dive, wrestled in carnivals, worked as a fireman in South Africa and spent two years in the Australian Army during World War II. He became a full-time professional matman under the auspices of Dr.

Len Hall, one of the finest wrestlers of his day and a claimant of the world's championship.

Like Heffernan, Costello has wrestled almost everywhere. He became a tremendous drawing card in South Africa, where people came either to admire his singing, which he did as a prelude to grappling, or to hate his rough tactics once the battle lines were drawn.

Both Costello and Heffernan are fond of the United States and the people here, whom they consider almost exact counterparts of Australians. The people here—that is those who don't know the Kangaroos *outside* the ring—are not so fond of Heffernan and Costello. Walking down a crowded New York street the day the pictures on these pages were taken, we were almost deafened by the chorus of "boo-o-o-s" that followed the Australians.

"These people don't like you," we pointed out, somewhat unnecessarily.

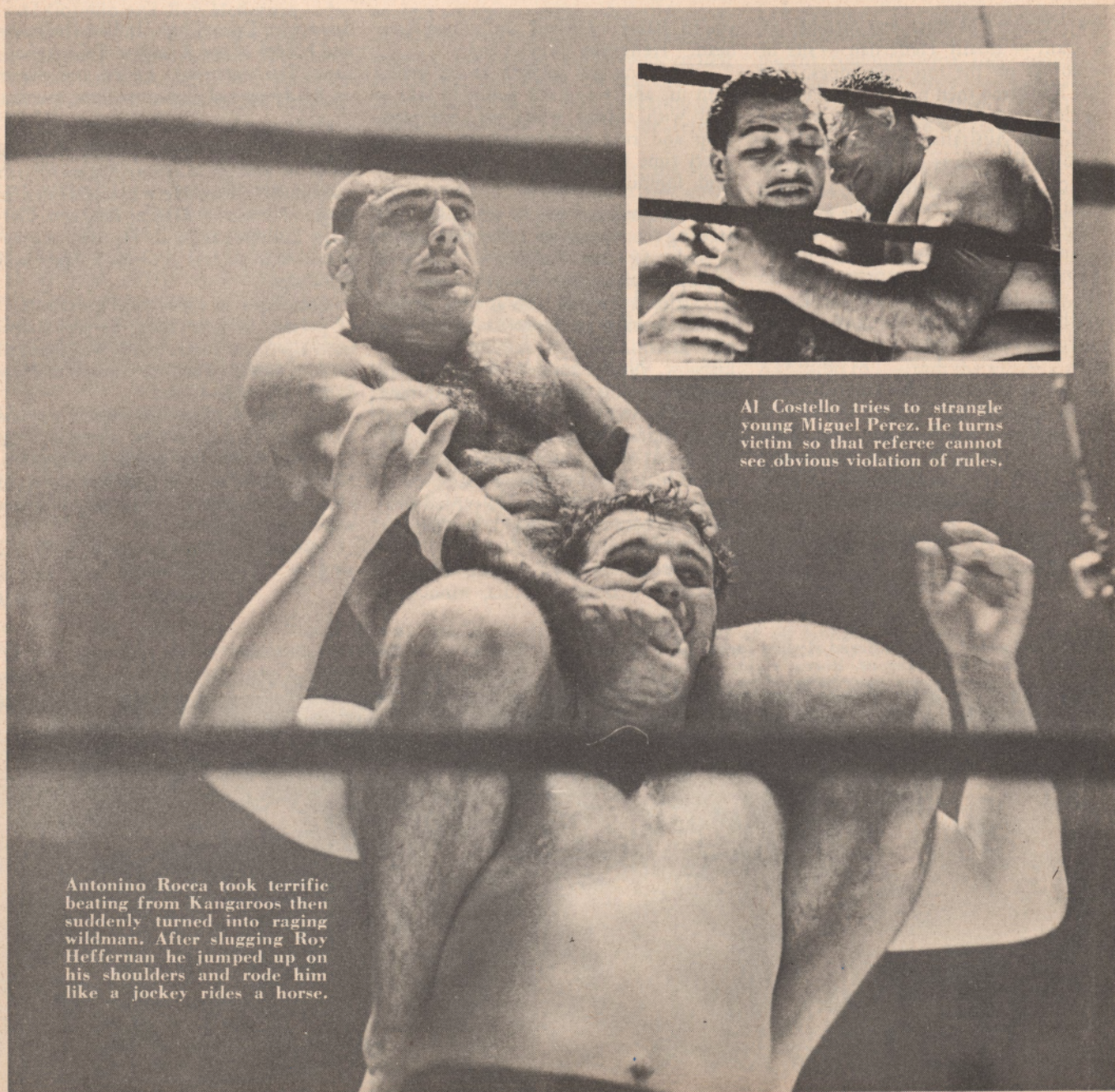
"It's all part of the game," sighed Costello resignedly. "We like to be friendly with everyone, but once you climb in that ring, that's where friendship ceases."

"It takes a lot to get the unemotional people of New York city worked up to the point where they will boo you," we pointed out.

"Happens everywhere," said Heffernan. "I guess when they stop booing us and hating us, it will be time for us to quit. Then we'll know we're slipping, and not giving the customers the kind of action they want to see and pay for."

Judging from what I've seen of the Kangaroos, that day's a long way off. These boys are here to stay.

● End



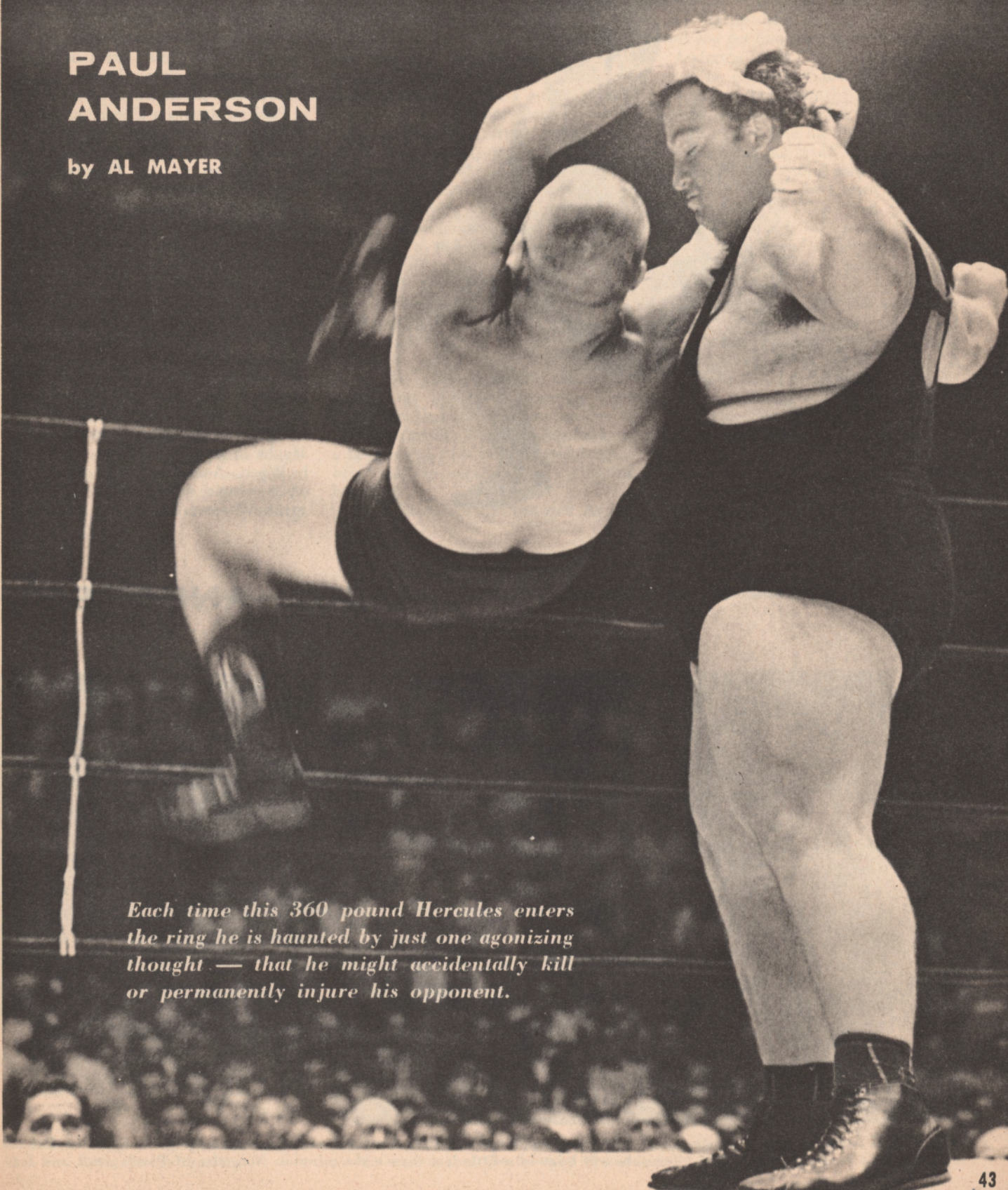
Al Costello tries to strangle young Miguel Perez. He turns victim so that referee cannot see obvious violation of rules.

Antonino Rocca took terrific beating from Kangaroos then suddenly turned into raging wildman. After slugging Roy Heffernan he jumped up on his shoulders and rode him like a jockey rides a horse.

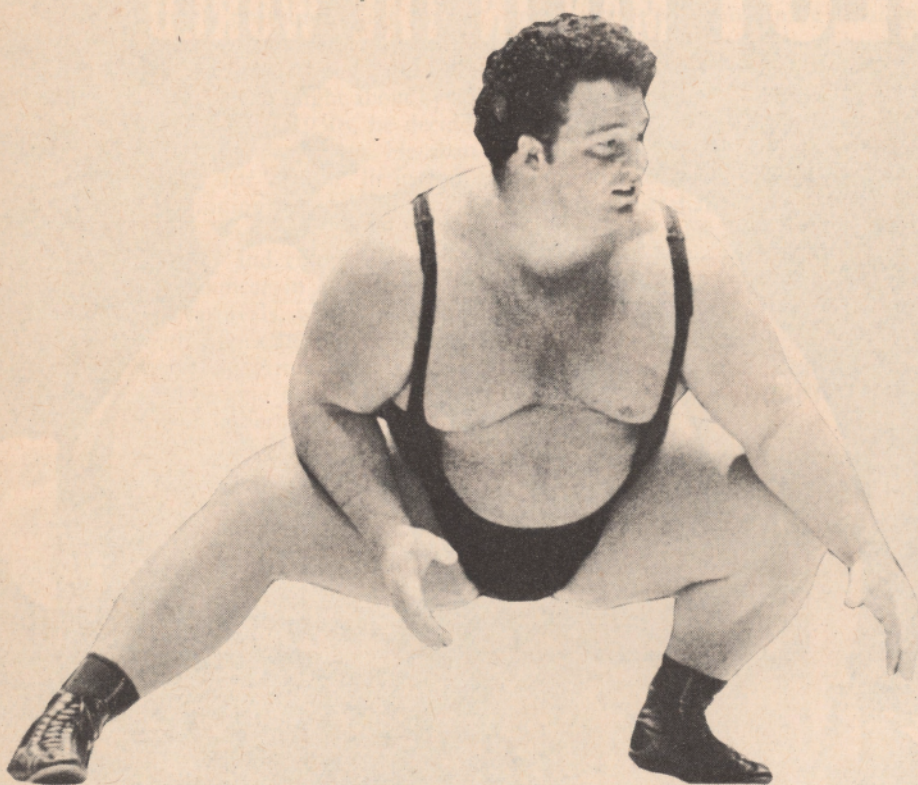
STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD

**PAUL
ANDERSON**

by AL MAYER



Each time this 360 pound Hercules enters the ring he is haunted by just one agonizing thought — that he might accidentally kill or permanently injure his opponent.



Massive Paul Anderson, known as the world's strongest man, squeezed his enormous body through the dressing room doorway and nodded politely to the other wrestlers. He wore a black suit which looked and fitted like a tent and a narrow neck tie, the kind favored by Kentucky Colonels.

Paul sat down on a bench and began to untie his street shoes. He puffed and grunted as he struggled to move his leg into position so that his short arms could reach the laces.

How many bouts have you had so far? we asked.

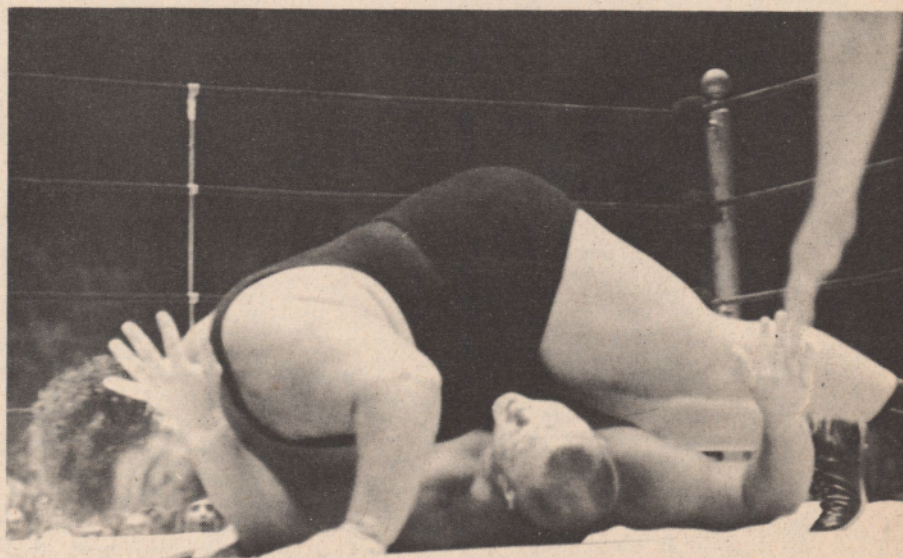
"About 125," he answered, "and I won them all."

So far in his brief wrestling career, not only has the opposition failed to beat Paul, they have failed to even budge him.

Moaned 245-pound Dick the Bruiser after losing to Anderson: "that sonof-a-bitch is like a mountain. He don't move. I hit him with tackles . . . hard tackles, and he just stands there and laughs in my face."

When Anderson walks down the street people rub their eyes in amazement. Wherever he goes he stops traffic

PAUL ANDERSON



Anderson drops his tremendous weight across prostrate body of Dick the Bruiser to win bout in a little less than eight minutes. Note size of Paul's arms and legs.

and nine out of ten times somebody recognizes him and shouts "that's Paul Anderson, the guy who beat the Russians."

Anderson, of course, was world famous long before he turned wrestler. As an Olympic weight lifter he broke every existing record in the heavyweight class, and the Russians, who are as fond of weight lifting as Americans are of baseball, looked upon Paul as some kind of a god.

They tell a story about Anderson's Russian adventures which has become a classic around gyms throughout the United States. One afternoon, during a lifting exhibition in Moscow in 1955, the commissar for heavy sports, a former wrestling champion, eyed Anderson speculatively and through an interpreter said to Paul:

"I would like to wrestle with you after you finish lifting the weights."

Beaming behemoth that he is, Anderson nodded with a smile and proceeded to handle a 380-pound barbell as though it were a toothpick with a doughnut on each end. The commissar gulped hard at what he saw and ordered the interpreter to deliver a second message

to the hefty American.

"He say," said the interpreter, "that he was only teasing about wanting to wrestle with you."

Soft of voice and gentle in manner, this oversized Hercules represents 360-pounds of brawn that is distributed—not too evenly—over a 5-foot 10-inch frame. His other dimensions, which are as spectacular as his lifting records, are: neck, 23½ inches; upper arm, 22¼; chest, 58; waist, 47; thighs, 36; calf, 20.

Looking at Anderson's tremendous size and studying his fantastic measurements, one would suppose that his speed was equal to that of a giant turtle. But actually he's remarkably fast. He once ran the 100 yards in 11 seconds, and while a freshman at Furman University he played running guard on the football team, a position which demanded great speed.

In the ring Anderson darts all around his opponents, feinting them out of position and snapping on one of his two favorite holds—a headlock or a bear-hug. So far not a single foe has been able to survive Paul's crushing bear-hug.

Skull Murphy, who has met Ander-

son a number of times, said: "when he started to squeeze me I felt my bones crack and I lost my breath. You just can't realize how strong the man is until you get into the ring with him."

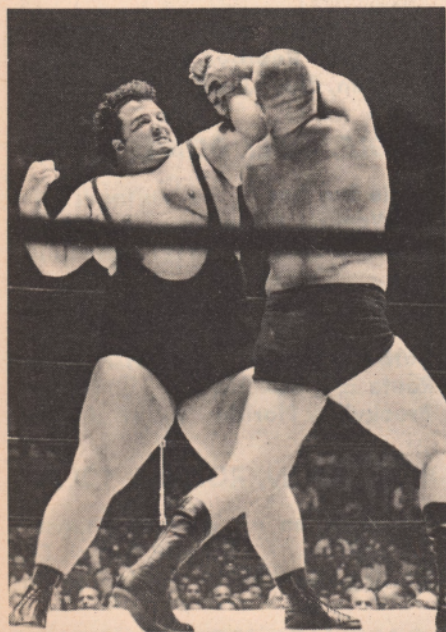
Anderson hates "dirty" wrestlers. "I try to be on the up and up," he said. "I try my best to win the fair way. But when some guy sticks his fingers in my eyes or tries to give me a cauliflower ear—well, I just get mad."

Exceptionally strong men like Anderson don't know their own strength. Paul admitted to New York promoter Charley Johnston that every time he goes into the ring he is deeply concerned about the possibility of seriously injuring his opponent.

"Sometimes I might twist an arm or a leg a little too far," he said. "Or I may squeeze too hard with a headlock or a bear-hug. In the heat of battle it is possible that I could kill a man without even realizing what I was doing."

Promoter Johnston looked at Paul's worried face and grinned. "It's funny," he said, "who'd ever think that the strongest man in the world would worry about being too strong."

• End



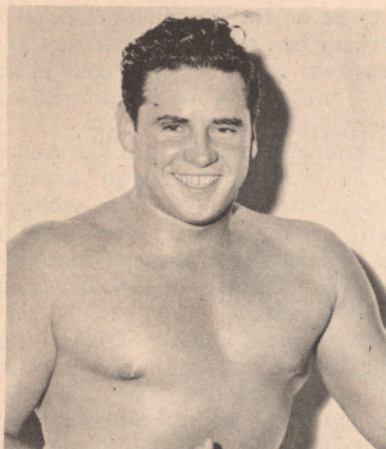
Anderson breaks wristlock with ease. He sent foe flying across the ring.



Paul talks with Boxing Illustrated's Bill McCormick in dressing room. He admitted to McCormick that the thought of accidentally killing an opponent haunted him.

This magazine has been designated as the OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS for wrestling fan clubs throughout the world. Presidents of all recognized clubs are invited to use these pages to publicize and expand their organizations. Presidents should address all material submitted for publication to: **WRESTLING CLUB EDITOR**, P. O. BOX 384, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

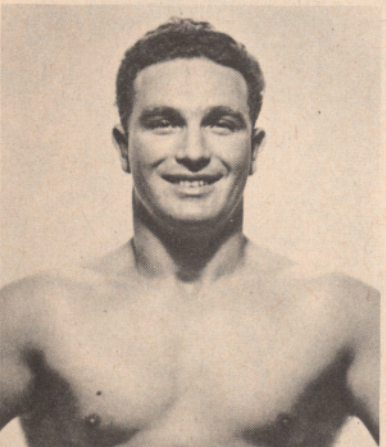
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2519 Halstead Street
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DIRECTORY

When you join a wrestling fan club you are supplied with up to the minute news of your favorite stars. Often pictures are supplied at small cost as well as other mementos. Here are listed the names of several wrestlers together with the names and addresses of their club presidents. Interested fans write direct to presidents for further information.

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Newark 7, New Jersey

MARLIN, FARMER DON

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MCCLARITY, ROY

Hazel Curiel
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Sherriell, Iowa

MCKENZIE, TEX

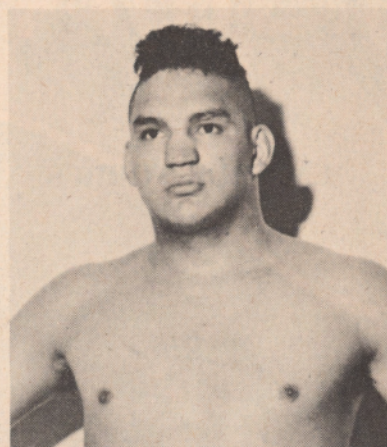
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Columbus 6, Ohio

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Mabel Stonecipher
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Banecia, California

MILLER, BIG BILL

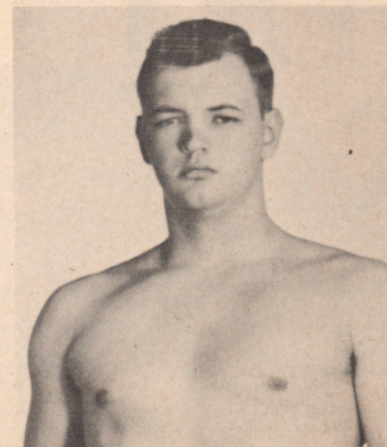
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914 Belmont Ave.,
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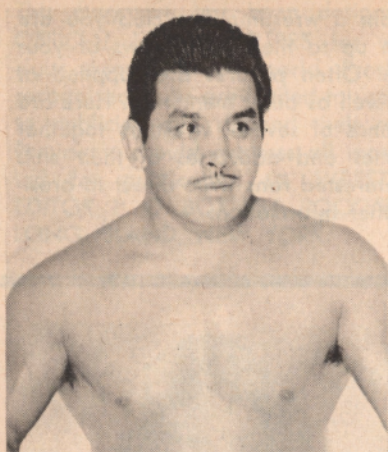


BILLY DARNELL

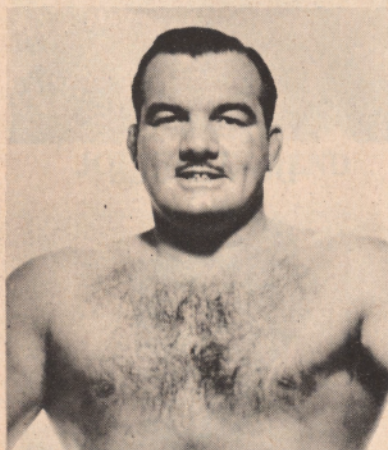


RICHARD BROWN

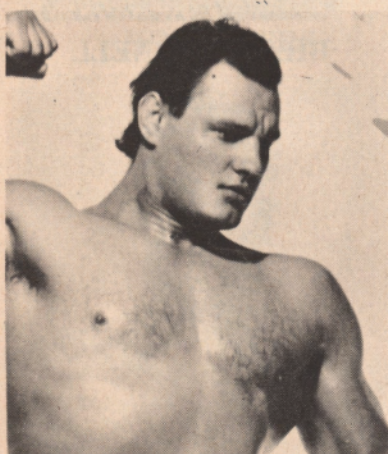
(concluded on next page)



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Little Falls, New Jersey

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1045 Piedmont Ave.,
Atlanta 9, Georgia

O'CONNOR, PAT

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1622 Neilson Street
Utica 3, New York

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Arlene Edwards
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Philadelphia 39, Penna.

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Wrestling Night at

MADISON SQ GARDEN



● The dream of every wrestler, just as it is the dream of every fighter, is to someday enter the ring in Madison Square Garden — the most famous arena in the world. Somehow, when a fighter or wrestler appears before a Garden audience, a certain air of prestige is forever associated with his name. It is, in a sense, like becoming a member of a very exclusive club.

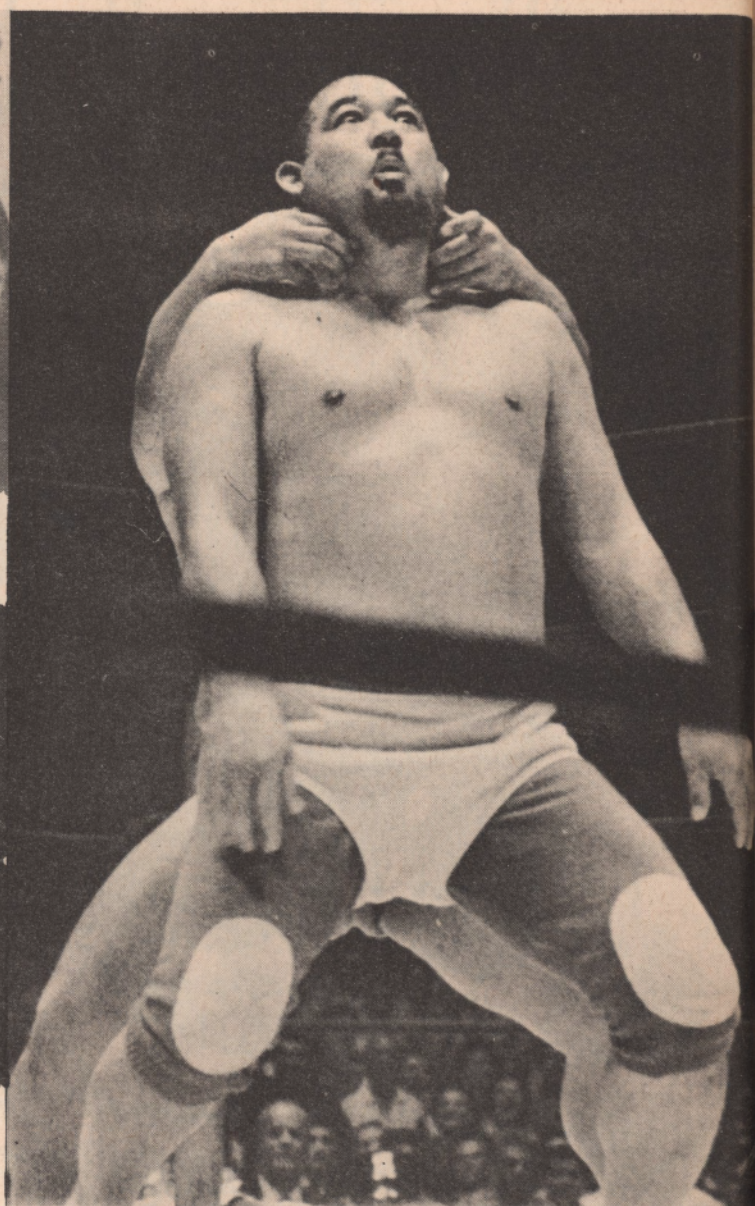
On these pages our staff photographers have recorded all the drama, action and sparkling color of a gala wrestling show in N. Y.'s Madison Square Garden.



In dressing room wrestlers sit on long benches, read newspapers or magazines. They seldom talk to each other. Every man must pass medical examination by Commission doctor.



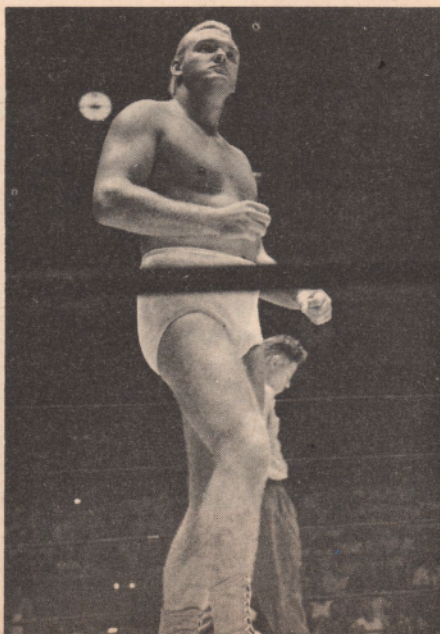
Don Jarque, left, a clever showman, listens intently to referee's instructions while his opponent, tough Andre Bollet, arrogantly ignores referee and calmly folds jacket.



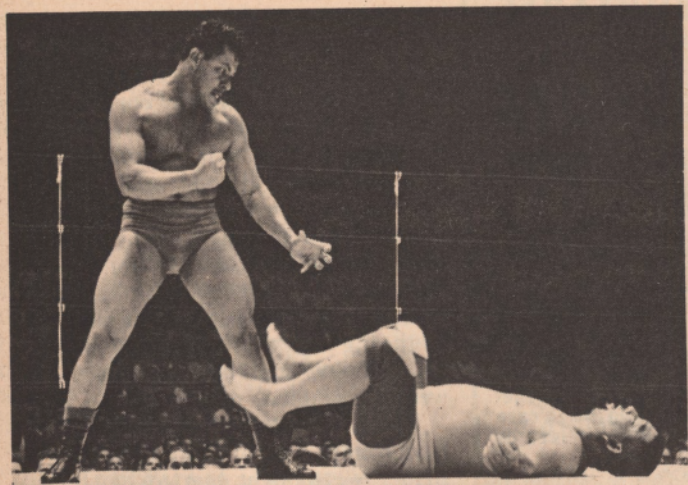
Mr. Hito, of riotous Mr. Moto-Mr. Hito tag team, stares blankly into space as Bolo Hakawa applies judo hold.



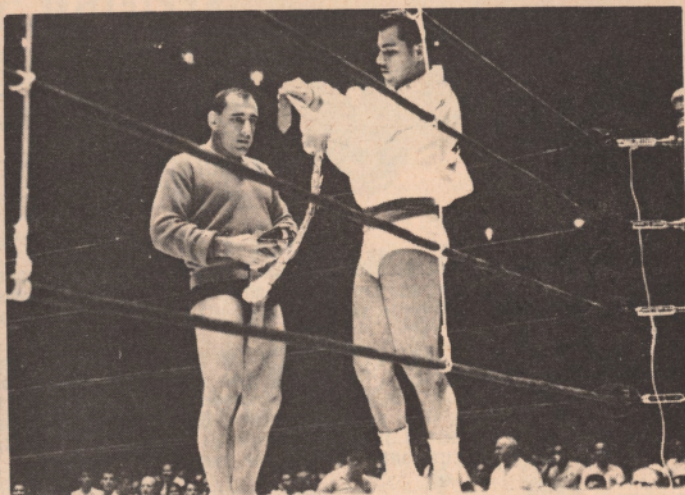
Extreme left: Larry Hamilton clenches fists in anger as crowd boos wildly the moment he is introduced. But Hamilton won over the popular Larry Moquin.



Left: Johnny Valentine, a brilliant performer, spends most of his time hassling with spectators. He wears matching powder blue trunks & high-laced shoes.



Mr. Puerto Rico, an impressively built muscle man, snarls at Mr. Moto after knocking him down with elbow smashes.

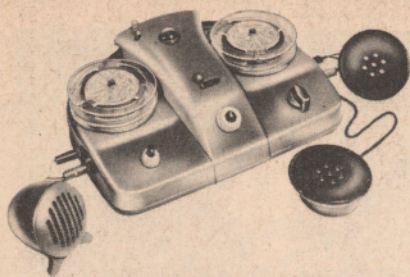


Famous team of Antonino Rocca, left, and Miguel Perez make ritual of folding championship belts before bout.



Above: villain Dick the Bruiser moves warily through riled crowd under police escort after losing to Paul Anderson. Left: Johnny Valentine's eyes seem to be popping out of his head as strong-man Peppe Chicharro tries to twist off his head.

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10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BOXING ILLUSTRATED

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FLOYD PATTERSON

(continued from page 12)

Louis in hitting power and speed, to Tunney in boxing skill. This cannot be the boxer about whom I wrote a year before he won the title: "At 21 — barely old enough to fight a 15-round title bout in New York and most other states — lightweight Patterson is knocking insistently at the door of heavyweight king Rocky Marciano's throne room. Barring an unforeseen calamity, in the opinion of most observers Patterson will hit the big jackpot at an even more tender age than Joe Louis, the youngest heavyweight champion."

There is, of course, the possibility we have mentioned that Floyd never was the fighter we thought him to be. In that case, D'Amato is an even better manager than we credited him with being before he won the title with Patterson. He certainly has selected Floyd's opponents with consummate skill. Patterson fought only one ranking heavyweight, Jackson, on his way to the title and the blown-out Hurricane almost beat him in 12 rounds. Since winning the title, Floyd has fought only nobodys, guys who probably couldn't even have made Joe Louis' "Bum-of-the-Month" Club. It is possible that D'Amato, knowing his fighter better than anyone else, has always been aware that Floyd can't fight and never could fight. It that be the case, Cus deserves the highest praise for the way he has protected his pride and joy.

There is one simple way to solve the mystery of whether Floyd is being mismanaged into obscurity or has been mismanaged to a position of eminence far above what he deserves. Let him fight the best man available, a Zora Folley, Eddie Machen, Sonny Liston, Nino Valdes or Ingemar Johanssen. If he won't do that, or D'Amato won't let him do it, let Floyd gain an added unique distinction. Let him become the youngest heavyweight champion ever to retire.

Either way the public will be getting its first break since Messrs. D'Amato and Patterson took over the most prized possession in the world of sports—the heavyweight championship of the world.

• End

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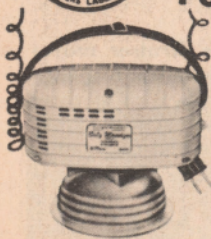
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 31

- 1—False.
- 2.—Tommy Gibbons.
- 3—Al Davis.
- 4.—Joe Gans.
- 5.—True.
- 6—Gus Lesnevich.
- 7—Marcel Cerdan.
- 8.—True.
- 9—Johnny Dundee.
- 10—Eugene Criqui.

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

(continued from page 14)

top dollar for what he expected to be a major heavyweight spectacle. The gate of \$35,022 fell far short of his expectations and ludicrous match flopped both in the ring and at the box office.

If the sham proved anything it showed Pete to be the greatest con man since P. T. Barnum. In his first fight he was pulverized by heavyweight champ, Floyd Patterson. His second disastrous outing displayed his slight talents against Folley, the number one heavyweight contender. Nowhere in boxing history is there a parallel to the bizarre Rademacher story.

BEECHAM - BOYD

It was obvious that Bobby Boyd deserved the verdict over Jimmy Beecham. Even though Beecham was given the unanimous decision, Boyd did all the forcing and fighting while the cautious Jimmy fought *only* in spurts, attacking about 60 seconds of each round. Boyd scaled 161 to Beecham's 158½ for the Miami Beach contest.

JORDAN - GODIH

The decision in favor of Don Jordan over Frenchman Lahouri Godih in Madison Square Garden was another prime example of amateurish officiating. According to rules in every state, a fighter receives credit for forcing the action. Loser Godih did this in every round. While Jordan was a picture of the classic boxer, with perfect stance, trigger-fast hands and great agility, Godih was charging and consistently outpunch-

ing him, taking most rounds by wide margins. Jordan was clearly the better boxer and harder hitter but the Frenchman was the superior *fighter*.

My card showed six rounds for Godih, four for Jordan. The spunky foreigner got the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth and tenth rounds; the last two by a wide gap. Judge Artie Schwartz scored it 6 to 4 for Jordan and Judge Artie Aidala gave it to Jordan 7 to 3, but Referee Arthur Mercante gave Godih **ONLY ONE ROUND** in the entire fight. This was the eighth, a round that Jordan won easily—a decision which made the spectators groan in dismay.

ANTHONY - McBRIDE

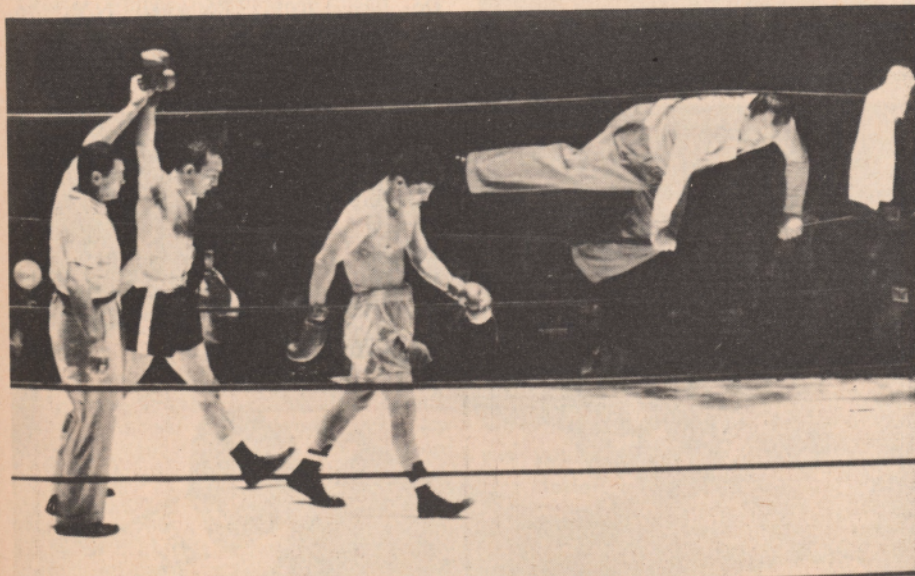
A scandal of shocking proportion was averted when Tony Anthony gained a split verdict over Archie McBride at Syracuse on the Wednesday TV show.

Anthony, making his debut as a heavyweight, won decisively, scoring knockdowns in the fourth and sixth rounds and subjecting his game adversary to such a beating that it looked like the referee would stop the fight on several occasions to save McBride. On my card it was 8 rounds for Anthony and 2 for McBride. That is how Judge Albino scored it.

But lo and behold, Judge Harold McGrath came up with a 6-4 count for McBride and Referee Joe Palmer called it 5 rounds for each but he scored it 7 points for Anthony and 5 for Archie. It was a shocking miscarriage of official scoring.

Decisions have been overwhelmingly wrong lately and the scoring seems to be getting worse without any particular

(continued on next page)



Completely exhausted, head bowed, a badly battered Art Aragon walks glumly back to corner after being stopped by Basilio. Trainer Lee Boren rushes to help Art.

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(continued from page 53)

locality being the worst offender. A school for officials seems to be in order to correct this appalling situation. Anthony scaled 177 $\frac{1}{4}$ against 184 for McBride.

VALDES - DE JOHN

Towering Nino Valdes chalked up his second straight victory over Mike De John at Rochester, N.Y. by winning a split ten round decision. De John tried hard to connect with his explosive right but never found the mark. He was dropped twice, in the third and ninth rounds by Nino's jarring smashes.

Referee Ruby Goldstein awarded the fight to Valdes 5-4-1 and judge Bobby Dawson tabbed it 9 points to 8 for Valdes after scoring the rounds even at 5-5. The other judge, Joe Agnello, voted for De John 5-4-1. Weights: Valdes 214, De John 200 $\frac{1}{4}$.

LISTON - BETHEA

SEEING IS BELIEVING: Brawny Sonny Liston looked terrific stowing away veteran Wayne Bethea in just one minute, nine seconds of the first round at the Chicago Stadium. The 206-pound St. Louis heavyweight, now living in Philadelphia, has all the makings of a champion; tremendous power, skill, poise, stamina, courage and enormous self-confidence. He may well be the shot-in-the-arm so desperately needed to revitalize the entire heavyweight division.

AKINS - SMITH

Five to one underdog Tombstone Smith, 148, gave welterweight champion Virgil Akins, 150, and millions of pop-eyed television viewers the surprise of their lives as he outboxed, out-punched and generally outclassed the

bewildered champion. For nine and a half rounds Smith was in full command. There was no possible way he could have lost the decision.

Atkins, with murder in his eyes, charged out of the corner for the tenth and cut loose with a do-or-die assault. A sizzling left hook dropped Smith to his knees. He was up at nine only to run into more Akins' dynamite. As Smith floundered helplessly around the ring with Akins slugging him at will, Referee Frank Sikora stopped the non-title bout. For the game Tombstone it was a heartbreaking defeat. For the champion it was surprising display of both ineptness and sensational recuperative powers.

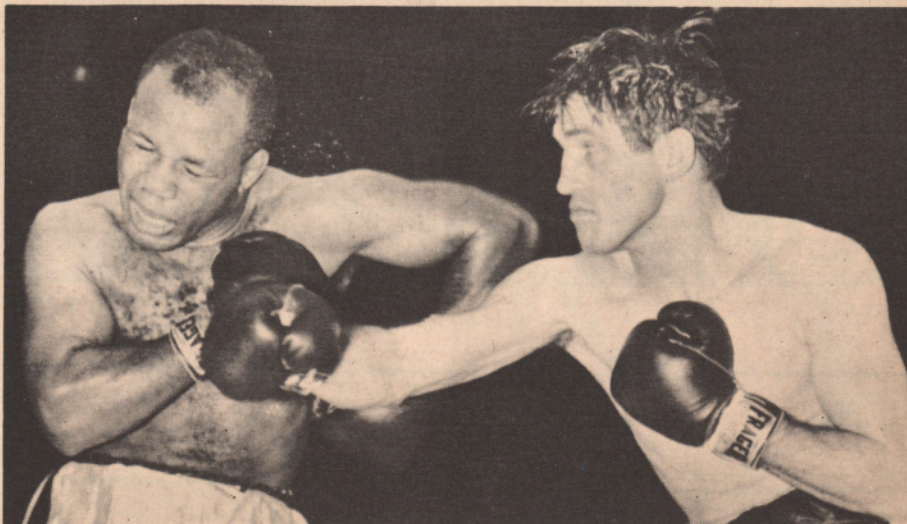
TURNER - REDL

Veteran Gil Turner blasted his way into the win column by slamming out a bruising ten round decision over tough Stefan Redl, 147. Despite a questionable knockdown allowed by Referee Teddy Martin, Turner, 151 $\frac{1}{4}$, piled up enough points with his relentless body attacks to sway the officials in his favor.

WORLDWIDE RESULTS

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Floyd Patterson, 184 $\frac{1}{2}$, stopped Roy Harris, 194, Los Angeles, Calif., 12. Title. Zora Folley, 200, kayoed Pete Rademacher, 198, Los Angeles, Calif., 4. Pat McMurtrey, 185, defeated Charley Norkus, 193, Tacoma, Wash., 10. Sonny Liston, 206, kayoed Wayne Bethea, 204, Chicago, Ill., 1. Charley Powell, 211, stopped Billy Edwards, 190, No. Adams, Mass., 6. Charley Powell, 225, kayoed Lee Jones, 190, Thompsonville, Conn., 2. Nino Valdes, 214, decisioned Mike De John, 200 $\frac{1}{4}$, Rochester, N.Y., 10. Alonzo Johnson, 184, stopped Emil Brtko, 194, Pittsburgh, Pa., 5. Willie Pastrano, 186, kayoed Tommy Thompson, 201, Colum-



Mickey Crawford jars Ralph "Tiger" Jones with hard right to jaw during Chicago bout. But Jones, fighting better than ever, roared back to score knockout victory.

bus, Ga., 4. Ezzard Charles, 198, whipped Johnny Harper, 203, Fairmont, W. Va., 10. Bob Butcher, 200, stopped Tommy Harrison, 182, Richmond, Calif., 9. Monroe Ratliff, 181, stopped Ruben Vargas, 197, Hollywood, Calif., 6. Howard King, 192, whipped Art Swiden, 198, Reno, Nevada, 10.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Archie Moore, 189, drew with Howard King, 191, Nevada, 10, (non-title). Tony Anthony, 177½, defeated Archie McBride, 184, Syracuse, N.Y., 10. Jesse Bowdry, 175, stopped Bobby Lane, 170, Miami Beach, Fla., 8. Roque Maravilla, 179, whipped Don Fleeman, 177, Dallas, Texas, 10. Rory Calhoun, 168½, defeated George Mercer, 172, Sherbrooke, Canada, 6. Yvon Durelle, whipped Tommy Mack, Moncton, N.B., Canada, 10. Mike Holt, 173½, whipped Roque Maravilla, 173¾, Johannesburg, South Africa, 10.

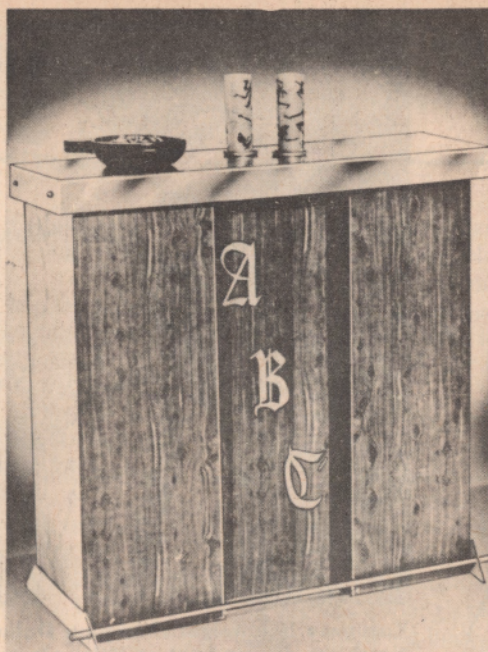
MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Bobby Boyd, 160, stopped Jimmy Morris, 156¾, Miami Beach, Fla., 4. Spider Webb, 162¾, stopped Franz Szuzina, 161¼, New York City, 7. Carmen Basilio, 155½, stopped Art Aragon, 152, Los Angeles, 8. Dale Manz, 158½, kayoed Dick Lane, 160, Boise, Idaho, 7. Jimmy Martinez, 154, whipped Ramon Fuentes, 155, Albuquerque, N. Mex., 10. Jackson Brown, 155½, defeated Barry Allison, 150, Norwood, Mass., 10. Tiger Al Williams, 154, whipped Billy Stanley, 153, Sydney, Australia, 12. Chico Vejar, 158, kayoed Charley Washington, 155, Bristol, Conn., 5. Gene Ace Armstrong, 154, defeated Rory Calhoun, 160¾, New York City, 10. Billy Stanley, 161, whipped Tiger Al Williams, 154, Sydney, Australia, 10. Wilf Greaves, 162½, stopped Eddie O'Hara, 173, Pontiac, Mich., 7. Eddie Dixon, 161, defeated Bobby Gordon, 159, New York City, 10. Stan Harrington, 152¾, whipped Chico Vejar, 158¾, Honolulu, 10. Eddie Thompson, 159, stopped George Harrell, 160¾, New York City, 9. Wilf Greaves whipped Sherman Williams, Detroit, Mich., 10. Willie Vaughn, 159¾, defeated Clive Stewart, 160¾, Sydney, Australia, 12. George Benton, 160, whipped Charley Joseph, 160, New Orleans, La., 10. Jimmy Beecham, 158½, defeated Bobby Boyd, 161, Miami Beach, Fla., 10. Henry Hank stopped Charley Cotton, Detroit, Mich., 9.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Virgil Akins, 150, stopped Tombstone Smith, 150, Chicago, Ill., 10, (non-title). Mickey Crawford, 148, drew with Gasper Ortega, 146½, New York City, 10. Ralph Dupas, 144¼, whipped Johnny Gorman, 143, New Orleans, La., 10. Bill Flaminio, 147½, whipped Eddie Lynch, 149, New York City, 10. Rudell Stich, 144½, kayoed Johnny Neal, 153, Louisville, Ky., 3. Gerald Grey, 147, whipped Tombstone Smith, 146, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., 10. Tony Di Biase, 151, defeated Jimmy Archer, 149½, New York City, 10. Yama Bahama, 153, whipped Joe Miceli, 153, Syracuse, N.Y., 10. Billy Todd, 146¾, beat Darby Brown, 146, Sydney, Australia, 15, (Australian Title). Willie Morton, defeated Alvaro Gutierrez, Mexico City, Mexico, 10.

(continued on next page)



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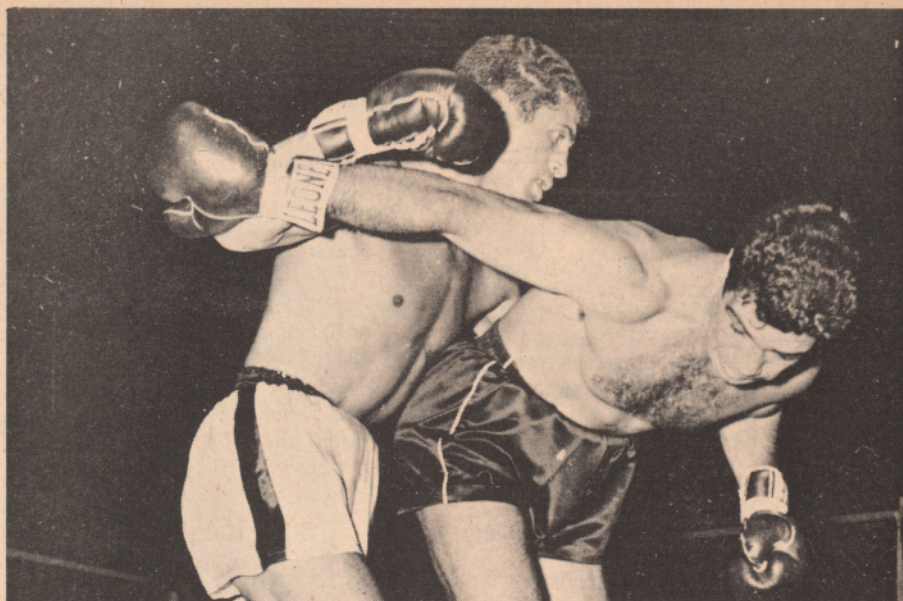
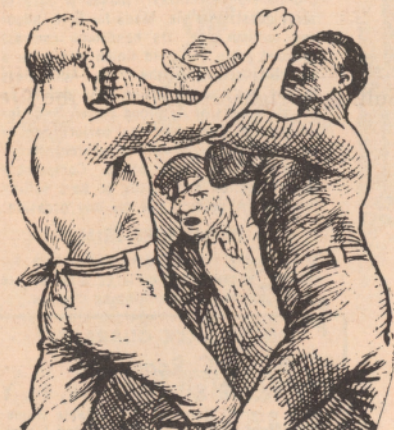
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European lightweight champion Dulio Loi, right, is knocked off balance by Mario Vecchiato during bout at Milan, Italy. Fight ended in draw and Loi retained title.

(continued from page 55)

L. C. Morgan, 140 $\frac{1}{4}$, stopped Augustine Rosales, 144, Los Angeles, Calif., 10. George Barnes, 146 $\frac{1}{2}$, stopped Johnny Von Rensburg, 141 $\frac{1}{2}$, Sydney, Australia, 13, (British Empire Title). Alvaro Gutierrez, 146 $\frac{1}{2}$, stopped Pat Manzi, 148 $\frac{1}{2}$, Los Angeles, Calif., 7. Gil Turner, 151 $\frac{1}{4}$, whipped Stefan Redl, 147, New York City, 10. Guy Sumlin, 146, whipped Tony Dupas, 149 $\frac{1}{2}$, Mobile, Ala., 10. Rudell Stitch, 142 $\frac{3}{4}$, defeated Isaac Logart, 148, Louisville, Ky., 10. Danny Russo, 151, whipped Eddie Lynch, 151, New York City, 10. Bill Flamio, 145, stopped Frank Ippolito, 142 $\frac{1}{2}$, New York City, 8. Billy Todd, 145 $\frac{1}{4}$, whipped Willie Morton, 145 $\frac{3}{4}$, Sydney, Australia, 10. Gale Kerwin, 142, stopped Cliff Fiddler, 145, Ottawa, Canada, 12. Ted Wright, 150 $\frac{1}{2}$, stopped Gunther Hase, 147 $\frac{3}{4}$, Bologna, Italy, 2. Guy Sumlin whipped Gomero Brennan, Miami Beach, Fla., 10.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Joe Brown, 134 $\frac{1}{4}$, beat Kenny Lane, 134 $\frac{1}{4}$, Houston, Texas, 15, (Title). Paul Jorgensen, 132, drew with Joe Lopes, 131, Houston, Texas, 10. Len Matthews, 132, stopped Steve Ward, 137 $\frac{1}{2}$, New York City, 9. Bobby Scanlon, 135, defeated Joe Lopes, 135, Sacramento, Calif., 10. George Berry, 138, defeated Jerry Firpo, 138 $\frac{3}{4}$, Hollywood, Calif., 10. Jay Fullmer, 138, whipped Speedy Henderson, 136, West Jordan, Utah, 8. Luke Easter, 137 $\frac{1}{2}$, TKO'd Vic Cardot, 139, Richmond, Calif., 4. Lahaouri Godih, 138 $\frac{3}{4}$, whipped Damaso Collazo, 134 $\frac{1}{4}$, New York City, 10. George Araujo, 137 $\frac{1}{2}$, whipped Pat McCoy, 135, Fall River, Mass., 10. Cisco Andrade, 136 $\frac{3}{4}$, stopped Bobby Bell, 133, Oakland, Calif., 7. George Araujo, 138, whipped Pancho Carmona, 136 $\frac{1}{2}$, Providence, R.I., 10. Luke Easter, 138, drew with Buddy McDonald, 143 $\frac{3}{4}$, Richmond, Calif., 10. Willie Morton, 140 $\frac{1}{4}$, whipped Franco Rossini, 140, Melbourne, Australia, 12. Don Jordan, 139 $\frac{1}{4}$, whipped Lahouari Godih, 136 $\frac{1}{2}$, New York City, 10. Mauro Vasquez, 132, whipped Billy

Walker, 130, Mexico City, Mexico, 10. Flash Elorde, 132 $\frac{1}{2}$, defeated Hisao Kobayashi, 129 $\frac{1}{2}$, Tokyo, Japan, 12. Duilio Loi, 135, drew with Mario Vecchiatti, 134, Milan, Italy, 15, (European Title). Kenny Lane, 139 $\frac{1}{2}$, whipped Orlando Zulueta, 138, Muskegon, Mich., 10. Robinson Garcia, 130 $\frac{1}{2}$, defeated Pete Kawala, 128, Havana, Cuba, 10.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Davey Moore, whipped Kid Anahuac, Tijuana, Mexico, 10. Willie Pep, 128, defeated Pancho Carmona, 130, Presque Isle, Maine, 10. Willie Pep, defeated Jesse Rodriguez, Painesville, Ohio, 10. Willie Pep, 129 $\frac{1}{2}$, whipped Al Duarte, 137, North Adams, Mass., 10. Robinson Garcia, 131 $\frac{3}{4}$, whipped Bobby Bell, 130, Miami Beach, Fla., 10. Jose Luis Cotoero, 127 $\frac{1}{2}$, whipped Tommy Bain, 127 $\frac{1}{2}$, Hollywood, Calif., 10. Ike Chestnut, 127, drew with Sonny Leon, 129, Caracas, Venezuela, 10. Sergio Caprari, stopped Jean Sneyers, San Demo, Italy, 11, (European Title).

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Herman Marques, 118, drew with Dwight Hawkins, 118, Los Angeles, Calif., 10. Dommy Ursua, 116 $\frac{1}{2}$, kayoed Toshiro Tanaka, 112 $\frac{3}{4}$, Manila, P.I., 9. Joe Becerra, 119, kayoed Willie Parker, 118 $\frac{1}{2}$, Los Angeles, Calif., 2. Boots Monroe, 122 $\frac{1}{2}$, stopped Roberto Hernandez, 123, Hollywood, Calif., 5. Boots Monroe, 121, stopped Macho Escalante, 117, Los Angeles, Calif., 3. Oscar Suarez, 118, whipped Dommy Ursua, 114 $\frac{1}{2}$, Manila, P.I., 7. Joe Becerra, 120, stopped Little Cezar, 119, Los Angeles, Calif., 4.

FLYWEIGHTS

Pascual Perez, 110, whipped Tito Ragone, 114, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, 10, (Non-Title). Ramon Calatayud, 113 $\frac{3}{4}$, defeated Jimmy Abeyta, 117 $\frac{3}{4}$, Caracas, Venezuela, 10. Young Martin, 111 $\frac{1}{2}$, beat Robert Pollazon, 109 $\frac{3}{4}$, Madrid, Spain, 15, (European Title). Sadao Yaoyita, whipped Leo Zulueta, Tokyo, Japan, 10.

• End

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THE FIGHT THAT MADE SULLIVAN FAMOUS

(continued from page 16)

blackjacks and confidently laid 5 to 2, the final price on their tiger. Not one of them dreamed of the rude shock that lay in store for them.

Billy Madden walked briskly to the tug's pilot house and told Sullivan to get ready. The fighter pulled on his long green trunks, then his white socks and his shoes. He rinsed his mouth with water and started to loosen his muscles by jabbing at the stale air in the cabin. Soon he nodded to Madden that he was ready. He walked out the door and down the narrow steps. The pro-Flood crowd spotted him and let go with loud, cutting insults.

Restraining himself, John stepped from the tug onto the barge and bowed in all four directions. Then he sat down and waited. His only concern was that the thugs out front would interrupt the fight if he was winning and rob him of victory.

The deck of the barge was sloped from the center to the sides so that water would drain off. This caused the ring to be pitched on a hill with the center at the highest peak and it meant that the fighters would always be travelling uphill.

Flood stepped into the ring amid a wild ovation. He bowed toward Sullivan and waved at his pals. One man, drunk beyond reason, fell and tripped over the ropes as he attempted to shake Flood's hand. They dragged him away and then a loud splash was heard. Nobody ever saw the man again.

The fight was to be held under London Prize Ring rules. A round ended when a man was knocked down. He was taken to his corner and given 30 seconds to return to action. The fight ended if he could not return in time or if he was knocked out. The only breach of the old rules in the bout was the wearing of skin-tight gloves.

Anything went — biting, gouging, kicking, butting and even concealing snuff in the mouth with which to blind an opponent by spitting it into his eyes. And then there was Flood's pet maneuver. When he floored an opponent he jumped high in the air and landed knees first on the fallen man's stomach or face.

Sullivan walked back to his corner and scowled at the mob.

Billy Madden rubbed John's rippling back and whispered something into his ear. At exactly 11:30 that night of March 16, 1881, Sullivan stepped to mid-ring to begin the fight which made him famous and which eventually led him all the way to the championship. An expectant quiet fell over the barge and only the lapping of the water against its sides could be heard. The lamps cast flickering shadows as the seconds stepped from the ring and referee Smith checked each corner for any violations.

At the call of time a roar went up and fighters rushed at each other like two battering rams. They arrived at the same time in mid-ring and Sullivan made a bull-like rush at his foe. Flood, instead of covering up, shot a lethal right to the head but John L. ducked away just in time and slammed his own right into Flood's belly. The big man winced and fell into a clinch. Sullivan shoved him away and floored him with a left-right combination to the head. The first round ended in less than one minute. The New Yorker made it back in the required time and was promptly dumped again and again.

The handful of Sullivan rooters were jubilant as their man whipped out for the fourth round. But Flood, still

strong as a bull, was far from beaten. He shot a left to the head which Sullivan blocked so expertly that he surprised even himself. Flood switched his attack to the body. But John L. matched him punch for punch and because his blows carried more steam he always ended up with an advantage. He floored Flood for the fourth time with a left to the adam's apple.

The fifth was a repeat of the fourth, only the target changed. This time Sullivan's right exploded on the New York fighter's round chin and dumped him in a heap.

After 30 seconds rest, Flood was back for more. His eyes reduced to tiny slits, his mouth torn and gushing blood, his right ear hanging by a shred, he staggered to mid-ring. For some 40 seconds he made a valiant effort to fight back, but his was a dying cause. Sullivan's fists flashed at the sick fighter's sweating body. Flood's face twisted in pain as each shot found its mark. Then a right cross to the temple knocked him unconscious.

Flood's seconds tore into the ring and quickly dragged him back to corner. They poured whiskey down his throat, slapped his face and insulted him in hopes that he might hear and wake up fighting mad. But the man was through. With 15 seconds gone, he was still out cold.

Immediately knives flashed in the crowd and Flood's backers moved menacingly forward ready to cut the ropes . . . an old trick used to end fights before an official winner could be announced and hence save the betting money. It was a tense moment as Sullivan's backers set themselves for a pitched battle outside the ring.

The one Gibraltar the Flood mob overlooked was referee Al Smith. The little man held up his hand and bel-lowed at the top of his voice: "Stop that! If any one of you break into this ring I'll give the fight to Sullivan!"

The wild mob quieted immediately. But unknowingly they had won a point. While all the fury was exploding outside the ring, Flood had extra time to recover. Somehow, he made it to the center of the ring for round eight. Sullivan, furious at what had happened, went after the woozy Flood like a murderer. His eyes blazed as he slammed away at the bloody mass which staggered before him. A vicious right behind Flood's ear stretched him out like a rug. This time nothing could revive him in time for the next round.

Thus in just under sixteen action-packed minutes, John L. Sullivan had taken his greatest stride toward fame and immortality. So impressive was his performance that even a few of Flood's rooters slapped him across the back as he walked back on the tug. One who congratulated him in person was Paddy Ryan, champion of America.

"You did well, John," Ryan said warmly, "perhaps the day will come when we will meet."

They did fight, the very next year, in Mississippi City, Miss., and Sullivan knocked him out in nine rounds. Seven years later John knocked out Jake Kilrain and claimed the championship of the world. A claim nobody dared dispute for years to come.

As the years passed and the fame of Sullivan spread throughout the world, the sportsmen who had watched him tear apart John Flood on that barge in the Hudson River formed a sort of club, and each year on March 16th, held a reunion in a New York hotel. These men prided themselves in having witnessed the birth of a great American champion.

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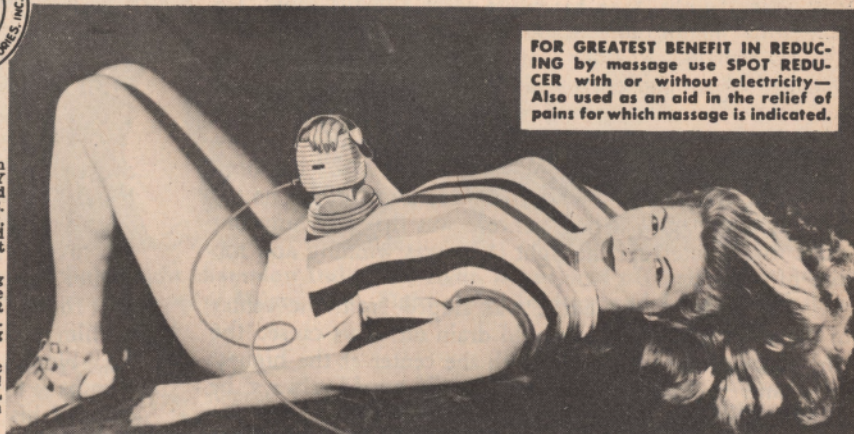
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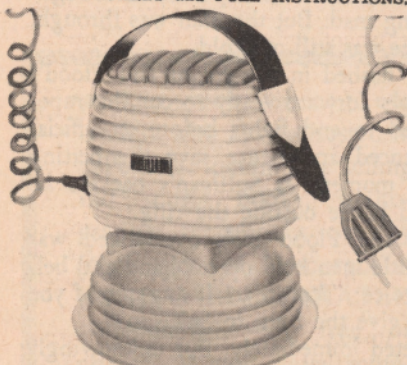
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INGEMAR JOHANSSON

(continued from page 25)

The slugging Swede gave British Empire champion Joe Erskine so frightful a battering in Sweden last February that the Englishman flatly refused to come out for the fourteenth round. In doing so, Erskine threw away a world title fight with Floyd Patterson — a match that would have been automatically sealed for London in July had Erskine been able to get by Johansson. After talking to the battered fighter in the dressing room a reporter commented: "I suppose the chance to box for the world's crown was not worth the risk of being killed by the Swede."

Thus far in his five and one-half year career Johansson has yet to be defeated. Of his twenty consecutive victories, thirteen ended by knockouts. In the opinion of most European experts who have watched the brilliant Johansson in action, "the man has never been fully extended."

"It seems a shame," said one British writer, "that Johansson, who is probably the best heavyweight Europe has produced in the last thirty years, has not been given the opportunity to face important American heavyweights."

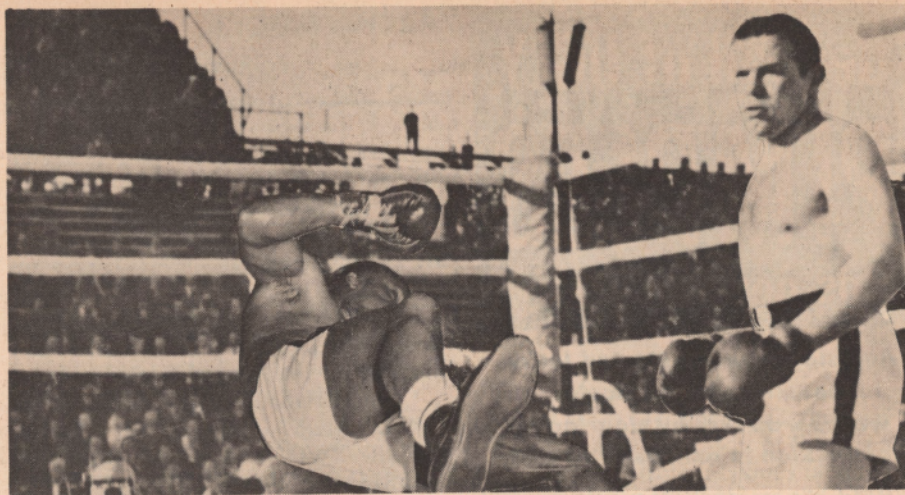
Actually however, that opportunity has purposely been sidestepped by Johansson's shrewd manager, wealthy magazine publisher Edwin Ahlqvist. "There is time, there is time," the manager says when someone suggests that he loosen the reins on his prospect.

Indicative of the long range planning and "spare-no-expense strategy" used in molding the Swedish star's future, Johansson has twice made trips to America merely to *look over* American boxing methods. Ahlqvist turned down several offers to show Johansson on American television. "This is a pleasure trip," he told the American promoters. "Business trips will come later."

Ahlqvist, however, would much prefer to have American fighters come to Sweden rather than the other way around. He has made offers to Zora Folley, Willie Pastrano and Roy Harris to box Johansson in either Stockholm or Goteborg, but all declined. Eddie Machen however, hoping to win back some of the prestige he lost by his miserable showing against Zora Folley last April, has accepted a bout with the Swatting Swede in Sweden.

Those who have watched both fighters in action predict openly that Johansson will hand Machen the first defeat of his career and that in one "giant step" Ingemar will establish himself as the outstanding contender for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Sportsmen throughout Europe are confident that a Johansson - Patterson title bout held in one of Sweden's enormous



When Johansson knocked out Eddie Machen in one round at Goteborg last Sept. he became the most sought after foreign heavyweight since days of Max Schmeling.

stadiums, where crowds of 80,000 can be accommodated, would draw half the nation's population and thousands from Northern Europe and other parts of Scandinavia. But such a fight will become a reality only when Edwin Ahlqvist is dead sure that his boy will win.

To date Johansson has boxed only twice outside his native Sweden, once in Germany and once in Italy. He admits frankly that he is at his best when fighting in his own country and that he dislikes entering foreign rings. Ahlqvist, too, is more comfortable at home. "In Sweden," he says, "everyone, even the foreigner, is treated fairly." It is easy to read between the lines. Ahlqvist knows full well what Americans call "home town" decisions. And he will not, unless absolutely necessary, take the slightest chance with his boy's career.

Those who know Johansson well have one great fear about his future. They wonder if his lucrative outside interests will eventually make him lose his urge to fight. He owns and operates an equipment-for-hire firm in Goteborg. For fat fees he rents tractors and lifting equipment for use on the city's busy docks. With each passing day the business expands and the profits mount. He finds that he must devote more and more time to the firm. The endless details of daily business, a business in which he has sunk every penny he owns, might very well prove the biggest obstacle in his path to the world championship.

Johansson will never be labelled over-industrious in his ring exploits. One bout in 1952; four in '53; one in '54; six the following year and only four and two in '56 and '57, the Swedish idol has climbed into the ring only twice so far this year. Twenty contests in just under six years and of this number only seven have gone the full distance.

Yet the Swede learned fast and is still learning. His number one sparring partner and trainer is former British

middleweight titleholder Albert Finch, still the only Englishman to hold a decision over Randy Turpin, and probably the most experienced boxer in Europe today.

Finch is always invited to Sweden whenever Johansson resumes training. In fact the Englishman has turned down a permanent training job in Sweden from the generous Ahlqvist, but feels obligated to his friend Ingemar, even when he is scheduled to fight one of Finch's fellow-countrymen.

"When I first sparred with Johansson" says Finch, "I could hit him on the nose with any punch and whenever I wanted to. Now he comes back at me with my own pet punches and I rarely reach him".

Johansson's best punch is a chopping right cross that carries every ounce of his 188 pounds behind it. He is amazingly fast with a right counter punch and his left leads, deceptively lazy, soon create damage and pile up points.

But again it was not always so. In the early days, Ingemar was not a great favorite despite his constant victories. He won most of his fights by knockouts, but his style far from satisfied the fans. A good boxer, but mostly on the defensive, the knowing ones accused him of too much running and clutching and not enough drive. They booed him and chided him in the press but nothing seemed to bother Ingemar. He fought his own way no matter what they said about him.

Johansson is a natty dresser who can't resist silk ties and those new-styled Italian shoes. He races around town in his flashy sports car (an Austin-Healey) and narrowly avoids crack-up after crack-up as he acknowledges the waves of thrilled admirers along the route. For everybody in Sweden knows the smiling face of big Ingemar Johansson — the man Swedes call "The Best Fighter in the Whole World." Which is what you and I may be calling him one day.

● End

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ARCHIE MOORE

(continued from page 28)

to leave out old Curtis (Hatchetman) Sheppard. That man could bang so hard, he used to knock guys down hitting them on the arms and shoulders. He knocked them out hitting 'em on top of the head.

"I've seen a lot of terrible punchers in my time, but the 'Hatchetman' had more power than any of them."

Q. ARCHIE, WHAT DO YOU RECALL MOST VIVIDLY ABOUT YOUR TWO CHANCES AT THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE?

A: "I have no regrets about my fight with Rocky Marciano in 1955. We gave the people a good fight and we'll both be remembered for it. I will always believe that I would have knocked him out if Referee Harry Kessler hadn't held me off Rocky when I dropped him in the second. Rocky didn't give me a bad beating. He just wore me out. You understand, he never stunned me at any time in the whole fight. But he's one of the strongest, gamest men I ever fought, and I admire him very much. I value his friendship today.

"The Patterson fight in '56 is something else again. People didn't get their money's worth in that one. I wasn't at my physical best for the bout, and I

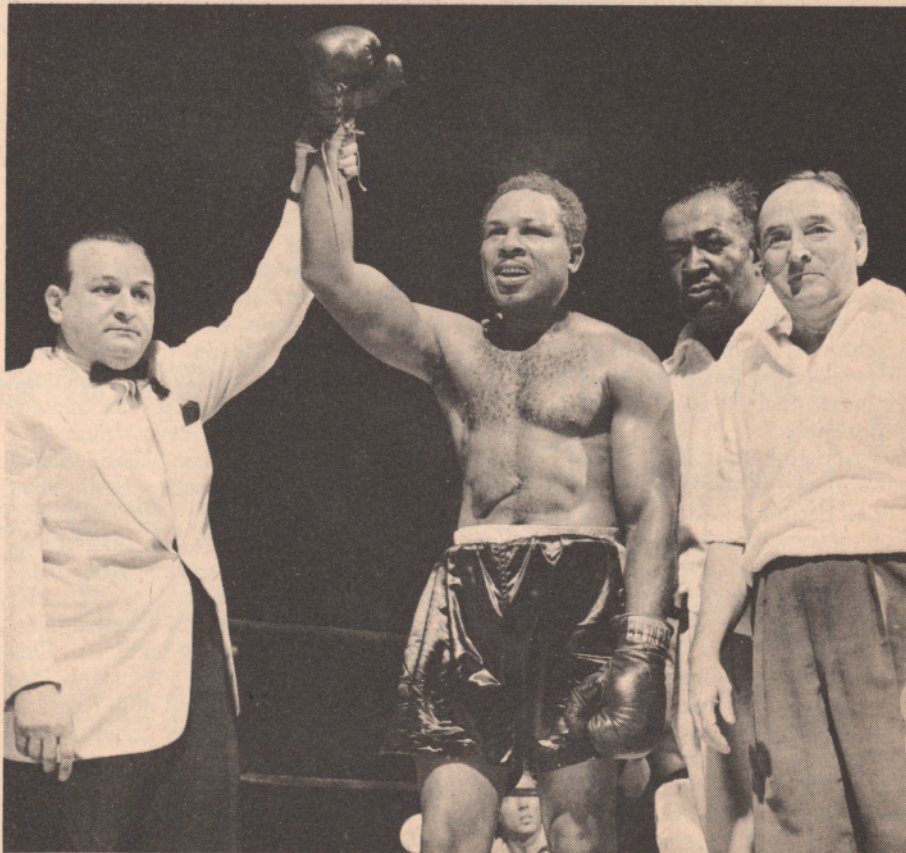
looked bad even though I did my best, that is to say, the best I could under the circumstances.

"My advisors overworked me in the gym at Chicago, and I came up stale days before the fight. I remember perfectly well the minute I realized my stamina was gone. It was when I was sparring with Clarence Hinnant and Clint (Tiger) Bacon a few days before the fight. I felt fine for the first couple of rounds, then suddenly I was dead tired. I've been around this business a long time; I knew I'd had it. But I figured I had a chance of nailing Patterson early and I knew they wouldn't give me a postponement, so I decided to gamble. I did and I lost.

"Not that I want to discredit Patterson. He's a good fighter, exceptionally fast with his hands; but he can be hurt. I know, because I hurt him several times during our bout. If I had been myself, I would have been able to follow up when I had him hurt. I think I can beat Floyd, and I'm going to do everything I can to get the chance to prove it."

Q. HOW ABOUT SOME ADVANCE TIPS FROM YOUR NEW SECRET DIET BOOK?

A: "You already know the secret because I told you everything in detail when we collaborated on 'Moore Health to All.' If anybody else learns my secret, they'll have to do it by reading the



The remarkable Archie Moore pictured after knocking out Harold Johnson in August 1954. Manager Charley Johnston is at right. Archie admits that he is 49.

book. I have a little daughter who has college before her, and I can't put her through if I give away my secrets free."

Q: SPEAKING ABOUT GIVING THINGS AWAY, ISN'T ASKING A \$100,000 GUARANTEE TO DEFEND YOUR TITLE A BIT STEEP?

A: You know the torture I go through to make 175 pounds; you've been in enough of my camps to know.

"I insist on an adequate guarantee, because I have to think of myself and my family. When I got a chance at Maxim's title in '52, I had to let him take all the money. Fact is, I lost money on the deal. Right then and there, I made up my mind to insist on getting mine. I'll fight anybody, but I have to be properly compensated for my trouble."

Q. AGAINST WHOM DO YOU PLAN TO DEFEND YOUR WORLD LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP NEXT?

A: "Why naturally I'll fight anybody who comes up with enough money to make it worth my while. I'll fight Yvon Durelle, Tony Anthony, Jesse Bowdry—anybody who is eager enough to pay for the title shot."

Q. HOW ABOUT HAROLD JOHNSON AS AN OPPONENT?

A: "What would we do? Box in a phone booth? That's all the space you'd need to hold the crowd. I licked him four out of five times, and, to tell you the truth, the one decision he got over me back in 1951 was a real stickup job. Just read the newspaper files about it, and you'll see for yourself. Harold couldn't lead a parade (Ed. Note: Archie is referring to Johnson's counter-punching habits) and he won't take a chance. To look good in there with him, a man's got to take all the gambles or stink out the joint."

Q. JUST FOR THE RECORD, HOW OLD ARE YOU, ARCH?

A: "I've told you and everybody else that I was born December 13, 1916, but they keep kicking it around. I don't mind."

Q. DID YOU EVER WANT TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER?

A: "I realized early that fighting was the best way for me to break out of the economic rut I was in, and I bent every effort to be the best fighter I could. But I have also always loved music, and I yearned to play an instrument. Now I'm doing something about it. I'm taking piano lessons. I have a lot of friends among professional musicians: Clark Tedry, Duke Ellington's great trumpet star, Ben Webster, Buddy Collette, Lucky Thompson, and many others. Also, I have a record library of which I'm proud, and I have a recording booth and a complete Hi-Fi system in my San Diego home. Music is my great outlet."

Q. WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WHEN YOU RETIRE?

A: "I have a couple of ranches and some good real estate in San Diego. Honestly, I can't say what I'll do when I decide to retire, because I haven't decided to retire yet. Does a man quit when he's making more money than he ever did in his life? I get a kick out of people worrying about me retiring. Personally, I never give it a thought."

Q: DO YOU THINK YOUR CHANCES OF A THIRD CRACK AT THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP ARE VERY GOOD?

A: "I don't see how I can miss. Since I fought Patterson in 1956, I haven't lost a fight, and since that time, I've knocked out most of my opponents. Now that I've tied the late young Stribling's total knockout record of 126 knockouts, it's just a question of time 'til I break it."

"After I fought Patterson, I announced my intention of earning another fight with him. I've challenged Zora Folley and Eddie Machen; but neither of them has dared to meet me."

"I stand ready to fight any heavy-weight in the world to secure a title shot. Patterson will be forced to fight me, sooner or later, for economic reasons. The public won't stand for anymore Rademachers."

Q: HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR HOWARD KING, A VIRTUAL UNKNOWN BEING ABLE TO LAST TEN ROUNDS AGAINST YOU ON FIVE DIFFERENT OCCASIONS?

A: "King is a highly underrated fighter. He is a superbly conditioned athlete, and I couldn't knock him out in fifty rounds, although I had him down and ready to go on numerous occasions during our series."

"When they gave him a draw against me in his home town, I was quite annoyed, because he did nothing but try to last the distance just as he did in the other four bouts. I have challenged him for his Nevada heavyweight championship. The reason I did this is to insure the 15-round distance. In 15 rounds, I'll wear him down and knock him out. He's a real jack-rabbit, but he can't run for 15 rounds. That extra five rounds will seal his doom."

Q: ONE FINAL QUESTION, CHAMP. WHAT DID YOUNG TONY ANTHONY MEAN WHEN HE ANNOUNCED AFTER ONE OF HIS RECENT VICTORIES THAT YOU "TALKED" HIM OUT OF VICTORY IN YOUR FIGHT WITH HIM AT LOS ANGELES?

A: "I have no comment to make other than to say that I threw a couple of punches during the conversation. Tony is a good young fighter, and I think we may be resuming our "talk" at a future date."

RAY ROBINSON

(continued from page 19)

in the ring in Cleveland didn't you?"

Whether on a whim, or for other reasons, Robinson backed out of the fight right then and there. It is probably the only time on record that a great fighter backed away from a scheduled fight after the weighing in.

Then, there was the night he stepped out of his class and fought Joey Maxim for the lighth heavyweight title. He collapsed from the heat in the thirteenth round and "resigned" as they say in England, where that sort of thing is more socially acceptable. Maxim's boxing skill and weight advantage had absolutely nothing to do with Ray's collapse we are told. It was the heat, nothing but the heat. Maxim's corner was air-conditioned, of course.

Robinson's statement to Hyams contains two gems of purest truth. "I do the best I can. I fight because I earn big money," he says.

Truer words were never spoken, and since he feels that way it seems high time the middleweight champion gives back to the game he so detests the treasured crown he wears. Give up and get out of the fight game, Robbie, and give the worthwhile contenders something to fight for. Either that, or come out fighting in defense of the laurels you profess to hate.

● End

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BOX 384

months — a year maybe — then I'll be right up there — the champ!"

Born in Buffalo, the son of a chef, Bobby is as serious about his fighting as Uncle Sam is about collecting taxes. Curiously though, that's not the way it was in the beginning.

"As a matter of fact," he recently recalled with a chuckle, "before I really got going, boxing was a kind of game with me. I wanted to be a lover, not a fighter. . . . an' besides I was more interested in basball. Played lots of ball in Buffalo high school and have been a fan ever since. But anyway, I tried my hand at boxing and found I did pretty good. So I turned pro, but still wasn't too serious about it . . . you know, training an' all. But as I kept on winning fights it suddenly dawned on me that fighting might be a pretty good way to pick up some dough."

Whenever anyone mentions Jimmy McLarnin to Scanlon, the handsome lad's blue eyes light up. To Bobby — as to millions of other red-blooded youths of Irish extraction — the great little Mick of yesteryear is a god. And McLarnin, who is now a successful Los Angeles businessman, is one of the many who believe Scanlon to be the best Irish fighter since Billy Conn.

"I think," McLarnin said, "that Bobby will eventually be lightweight champion."

Another former ring great who predicts great things for Scanlon is Willie Ritchie, once lightweight king and now a California boxing commissioner. Willie says: "I've watched Scanlon from the time he moved out here from Buffalo. His prospects are tremendous and the improvement he's shown convinces me that he might well win my old title within a year or so."

"Now I know that's quite a mouthful," Willie continued wryly, "considering a guy named Joe Brown has the title now. But this kid's really got the goods."

Maybe Gale Kerwin summed it up best after his painful session with Scanlon. In the dressing room after the fight, the bruised and battered Gale said: "Being in the ring with that guy ain't no fun. He must have six arms, an' even then I think he must have hit me with the referee a couple of times. It beats the hell out of me how one guy can throw that many gloves."

• End

LOUIS-SCHMELING (continued from page 21)

Back in his dressing room, the pressure off, Louis was jubilant. "I just hit him, that's all," he said happily. "I hit him right in the ribs and I guess maybe it was a lucky punch but man, did he scream! I thought it was a lady at the ringside cryin'. He just screamed, tha's all."

The photographs on these pages illustrate vividly this very short but enormously dramatic prize fight . . . the fight Joe Louis remembers best of all.

Schmeling claimed he had been fouled by a kidney punch. "Such pain!" he complained. "My legs would not move." But actually the punch he referred to, the punch that nearly broke him in half, was entirely legal. It was a sizzling hook aimed at his ribs but which landed on his side when he turned his back on the savage champion.

First reports of Schmeling's injury led to rumors of his death but he was sitting up in his hospital bed two days later, still complaining that he had been fouled and demanding another crack at Louis.

The German received \$175,000 for his drubbing. Louis got \$350,000.

• End



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LENNY MATTHEWS

(continued from page 37)

muckraking and monopolistic practices, boxing right now is in the doldrums. Fight fans are peculiar people. They can blow hot and cold. With boxing at low ebb, they express their displeasure vocally — and by staying away from the box office in large numbers. However, let a few good or great fighters pop up and the fans will blow hot — and blow the game right out of the doldrums. Matthews, along with a few others, may be just the boy to heat up the fans.

Right at the moment there is quite a salvation army ready to save the game. Besides Matthews, there are Sonny Liston, the fine looking heavyweight prospect; Bobby Scanlon, another lightweight and Gene Armstrong, an impressive middleweight. These are the fighters who can put boxing back on its feet throughout the nation. But most of all, the fate of the ring sport lies in the capable hands of young Lenny Matthews, the kid who amazed even the experts.

"He's one of the finest boxers I've ever seen," says Tommy Loughran who himself knew considerable about proper manipulation of the gloves.

"The best puncher for his weight I've seen in recent years," is the belief of Joe Louis.

Matthews was born May 12, 1939, in Philadelphia, the son of a foreman of a cement-laying gang. He has two sisters. For a while he caddied at the North Hills Country Club. He became interested in boxing through a friend who took him to a Police Athletic League gymnasium when he was only 13.

Sugar Hart, a currently successful welterweight, became a pal of Lenny's around the gymnasiums and taught him quite a bit about the science of boxing.

As was bound to happen sooner or later, Matthews was seen by a shrewd manager, one Anthony Graziano. Fortunately for Lenny, Graziano is more than shrewd, he is a man of unimpeachable integrity and fine background, having been a football and baseball scholar at Temple University where he made the Dean's list on two occasions.

Gil Turner's manager, George Katz, was so impressed with Lenny when he caught him in one of his early fights that he offered Graziano \$10,000 for fifty percent of Matthews' contract. Graziano, of course, turned him down flatly.

If inherent ability, plus a level head, plus sound training, plus careful, experienced and good management mean anything, Lenny Matthews will more than live up to the promise he has shown in the little more than one year he has been fighting. And most important of all, boxing needs Matthews just as much as he needs boxing.

• End

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WHAT'S THE SECRET?

You can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, develop a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful, shoot new strength into your back-bone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality! The new "home gym method" that's the sure best and most inexpensive. It has changed many a 90 lb. weakling to a he-man. It has turned many a skinny boy into a marvelous physical specimen. It can do the same for you! **No \$50.00 courses! No expensive gadgets.** You simply use the inexpensive home gym which helps you use the dormant muscle power in your own body. You will watch it increase in double time into solid muscle. The home gym method is easy!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are the amazing new muscle power body builder can help you gain inches of solid muscle in double quick time—only 10 minutes a day!

THE HOME GYM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO WANTS A BETTER BUILD WILL PRIZE! JUST MAILING THE COUPON MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!



YOU MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND YOU CAN PROVE TO YOURSELF YOU CAN BE A NEW MAN! THE SECRET METHOD CALLED THE "HOME GYM METHOD" HAS DONE WONDERS FOR THOUSANDS. HERE'S WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU IN JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY!

You'll be a winner where muscles count! Many gain up to 60 lbs. of muscles and add inches to chest and arms...

Many turn fat into muscles...

You can develop your back,

your grip, your legs—you'll

look, feel, act like a real

he-man. You'll find it

easier to win women

and men friends...

You'll win in sports,

win promotion,

you'll win more

praise and popu-

larity! You get

everything you

need in one com-

act package—

you do-it-all in

just 10 minutes



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Awarded to Users Making Greatest Improvement in Next 3 Months.

a day, with the HOME GYM: You get complete and full instructions with the HOME GYM... you'll be amazed at how easy it is to get in shape and stay in shape with the HOME GYM.

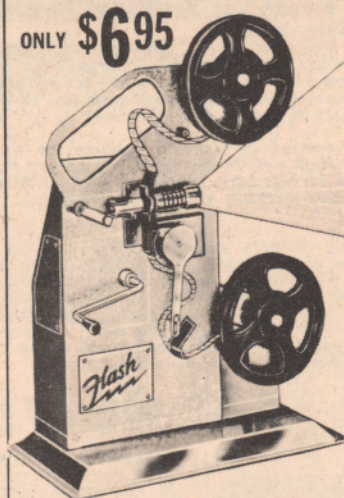
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PLEASE RUSH THE HOME GYM WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONLY \$2.98 complete on guarantee that I must gain inches of solid muscle, and I must be 100% satisfied or I get my money back! ☐ I enclose \$3.98. Send Deluxe Model. ☐ I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage by sending \$2.98 with my order).

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- Takes up to 200 ft. reels
- Complete with demountable theatre screen
- 25 ft. film subject free

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The "Flash" 8 MM picture is electrically projected by standard inexpensive batteries for safety and ease. There's no plugs or connections to get out of order and it's portable — can be used indoors or out. Pictures can be shown on any surface. Reel holds 200' feet of film. Complete outfit includes "Electric" 8 MM projector, full luminous screen with stand and 25 ft. film subject. Only \$6.98 plus 45¢ shipping charge. **FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** if not 100% delighted.

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Now, you can take all the movies you want without worrying about the expense of a projector. And, ready for your enjoyment also, are the magic and thrills of your youngsters' favorite comedy, adventure, and cowboy heroes. You'll show movies to friends and relatives, hold parties for the kids, and so much more. So don't delay! Order now! Only \$6.98, plus 45¢ shipping charges.

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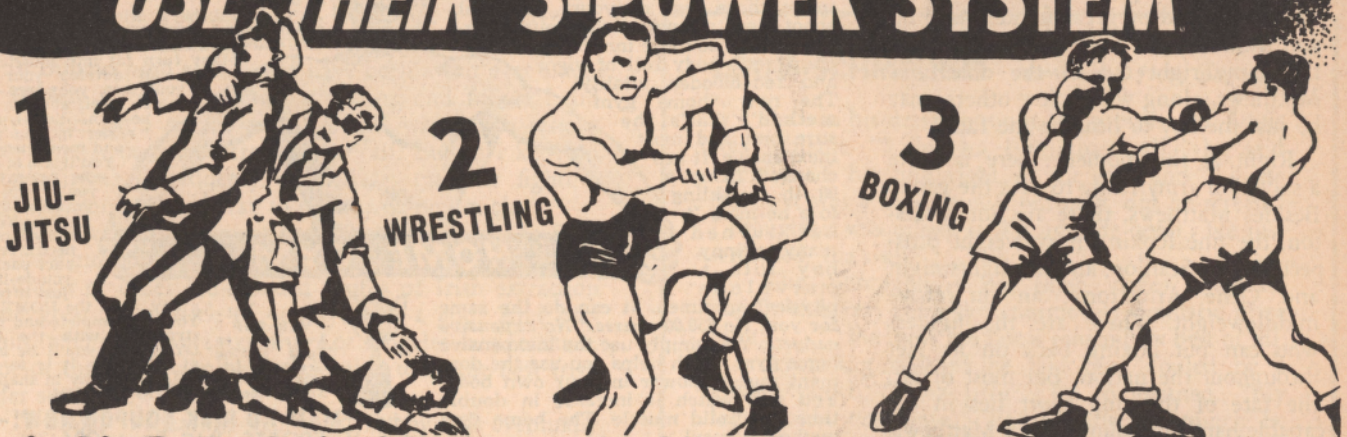
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☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$6.98 plus postage and shipping charges.

☐ I enclose \$6.98 plus 45¢ shipping charges in full payment.

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HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

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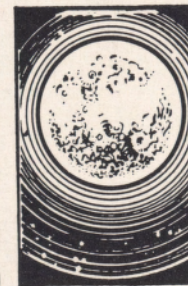
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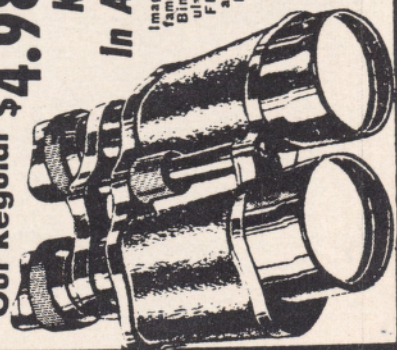
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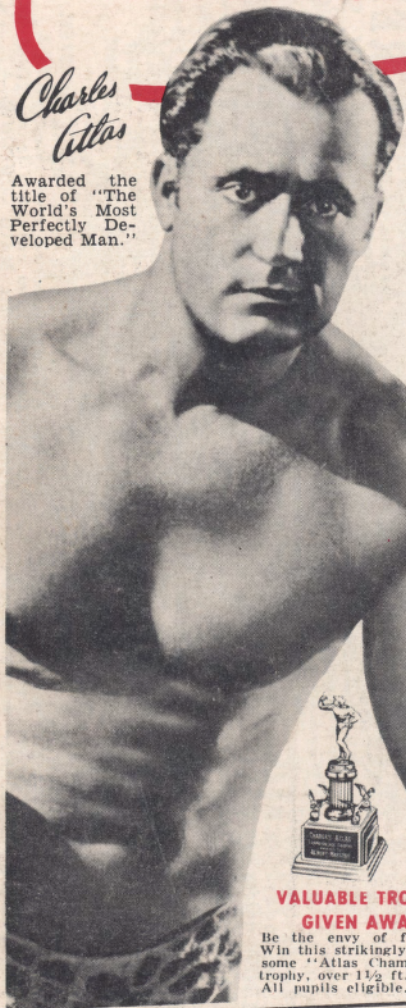
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